

**FREE
INSIDE**

GIANT PULLOUT CALENDAR

HIGH TIMES

DECEMBER 1987

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CANADA \$4.50

READERS' HARVEST REPORT

CARNIVAL OF SOULS

HARMONIC CONVERGENCE

BY PETER GORMAN

UFOS

**SPACE BROTHERS
OR EVIL TWINS?**

BY LOU STATHIS

MAINE'S CREEPING POT

XMAS IN HAWAII



Indoor Sun

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METAL HALIDE—(balanced growing spectrum)

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- Thermostat (Dayton)
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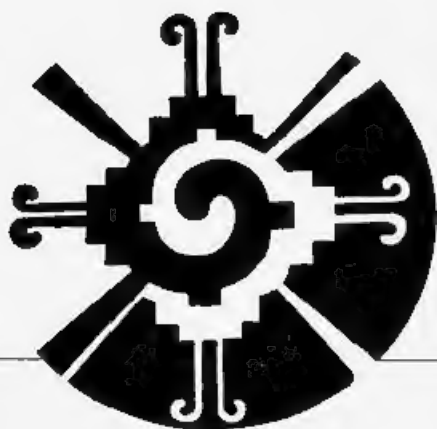


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FREE PULLOUT CALENDAR . . . 50

We ransacked our photo files to find the most psychedelic pics and stickiest bud photos, then rolled them up into our special annual free calendar. You know what? We think it's our best yet!

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Life is but a dream, sh'boom, sh'boom.

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ROBERT
CONNELL
CLARKE

HIGH ★ TIMES

PUBLISHER
ROBERT ARONSON
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
STEVEN HAGER
ART DIRECTOR
DAVID ALLEN
ASSOCIATE EDITOR
HOWARD ZIMMERMAN
MANAGING EDITOR
JOHN HOLMSTROM
SENIOR EDITORS
DEAN LATIMER
ED ROSENTHAL
CANNABIS CONNOISSEUR
D.C.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
ROBERT CONNELL CLARKE, THE GENERAL,
PETER GORMAN, ESPY LACOPA, JAMES MARSHALL,
CARLO McCORMICK, JIM POLING, LOU STATHIS
MICHAEL WELDON

DESIGN ASSOCIATES
FLICK FORD, LENNY MACE, BRIAN SPAETH
TYPESETTING
BARBARA BARG
STRONG SILENT TYPE

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS
JOHN EDER, ANDRE GROSSMANN,
GREGORY HERBERT, DICK HOOLE, KATE KELLER,
MILTON KNIGHT, JAMES ROMBERGER,
JONATHAN ROSEN, JEFF VAUGHAN, CAPT. WHIZZO

CONTROLLER
SHEILA AVON
CIRCULATION MANAGER
CAROLYN ODERICK
PRODUCTS MANAGER
BRAD L. GOLDBERG
ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT
deerfrance
STAFF
TIFFANY ANN, JONATHAN DAVID,
LISA KAY

ADVERTISING
EAST COAST
SHERI KAPLAN, MANAGER
SHERRY LUTZ
PROMOTION DIRECTOR
MONIQUE COPELAND
NATIONAL ADVERTISING OFFICE
211 East 43rd Street
New York, NY 10017 (212) 972-8484
WEST COAST
STEVE BECKER, MANAGER
WEST COAST ADVERTISING OFFICE
P.O. Box 33-Suite 373
Long Beach, CA 90801 (213) 493-3714

FOUNDING EDITOR
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CAPT. WHIZZO

ERNIE IS THAT YOU?

Who is the gentleman stockbroker that sits in the domed booth and transmits quotations on your THMQ page? I think it's my cousin, Ernie Nelson from Terre Haute, Indiana. Please clarify.

—Gee B. Briggs
Los Angeles, CA

Sorry, the guy in the booth isn't your cousin. It's Biff Dobbs, cousin to J.R. "Bob" Dobbs, the Saint of Sales of the Church of the Sub-Genius (based in Dallas, Texas), whose religious doctrine is founded on the revelation that there isn't enough slack in the world. Amen.

SEPTEMBER SMASH!

I was quite pleased with your September '87 issue. It confirmed I should subscribe for another year. Please put out more issues like it, and I will be yours for life. We need more information on the latest herb-growing developments.

—Polythemon
Bloomington, Indiana

Congratulations on a terrific September issue. It was definitely a keeper! I bought two copies so I could cut out the S.S.S.C. pictures and centerfold. Praises

to photographer Jeff Vaughan! I would like to suggest a continuing series on the different varieties being developed by the Holland seed companies.

—Herb Burner
Stockton, California

The September issue shows an ebb and flow table on the top left corner of page 49. What are those black, rectangular boxes in the table?

—Mr. Nosey
Austin, Texas

For a better view of the ebb and flow table, check out the September cover, which shows three clones in a rockwool cube on top of the table. The grids allow air to flow underneath the rockwool, which means the roots can breathe properly.

BUTTERFLY CONNECTION?

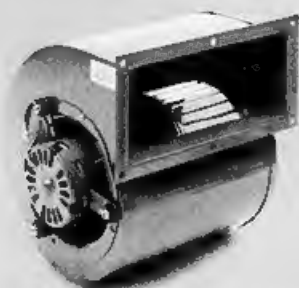
Have you heard anything about the work being done by Miriam Rosenthal on the relationship between butterflies and the cannabis plant?

—L.A.
Atlanta, Georgia

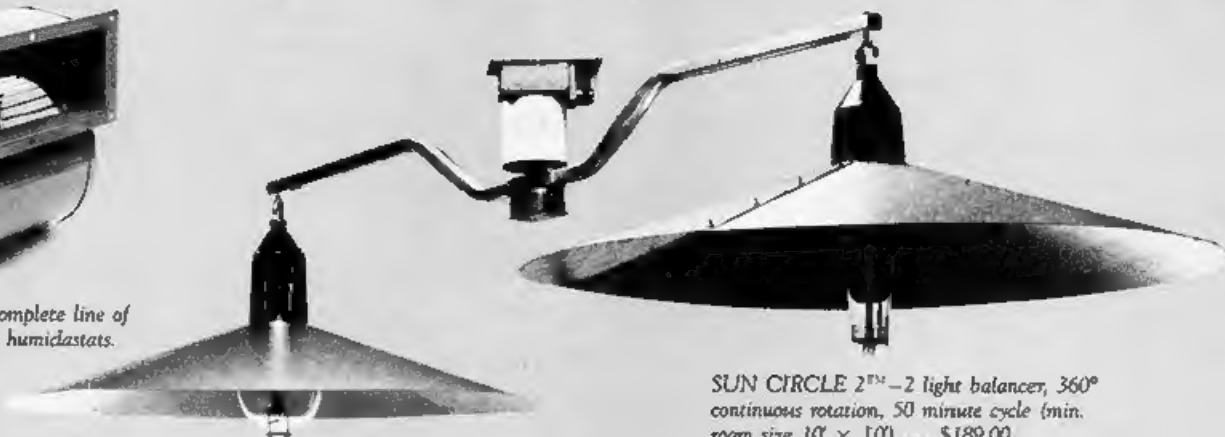
Miriam's obviously no relation to Ed, 'cause he never heard of her. Any readers out there who can help us on this one?

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DIAMOND LIGHTS



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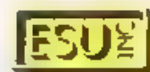
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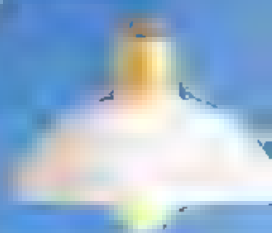
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Waterbeds and Stuff
Cincinnati, OH

Applied Hydroponics
Gardens & More, CA

Gas Pipe
Dallas, Arlington & Austin, TX



HYDROFARM

For more product information
see our ads on page 8 & 9

LETTERS

continued from page 6

MORE OUTDOOR INFO

You still have a cool mag, but why do you dedicate so much of it to indoor growing? There are still those of us who prefer the great outdoors. Let's see more outdoor info.

—C.R.

Watertown, New York

We alternate between both worlds. For example, turn to page 64 and check out the "Readers' Outdoor Harvest Report."

NO MORE FIGHTING

HIGH TIMES has always been a monthly staple in my life. Recently I've noticed hostility between either the punks and deadheads or acidheads and animal rights groups, etc., etc. Not a good idea people! After all, we're all reading the same magazine because we enjoy the high life, not because of our musical or social tastes. We should respect each other and what we stand for, which is the right to continue our psychoactive lifestyles.

—Pinkerton

Hebron, Indiana

MOLD TO GOLD

I have been reading your magazine for a few years, and I like your style. I need information on how to make hash from my homegrown.

—D.M.

Fort Wayne, Indiana

The February '87 issue has a great article on hashmaking by the current Cannabis Connoisseur, D.C.

ALL CHOKED UP

I've been a professional stoner for 15 years now, and farming will always be my way of life. I've been reading HIGH TIMES since 1978, and I had to tell you your magazine makes me feel great! Sometimes I sit back, look at HIGH TIMES and get choked up. With people like your staff working for us, we have to win this war of lies and bullshit! Keep up the excellent work.

—Love and Peace,

One of Mary Jane's Children

HEP CAT CRISIS

HIGH TIMES is a great magazine. However, Hep Cat is usually placed on the back of the centerfold. Many people, myself included, enjoy displaying the centerfold in our dorm rooms to show off the best marijuana in the world. Why don't you put Hep Cat on a different page, so he can stay in the magazine for people to enjoy?

—S.F.

Carbondale, Illinois

Smart readers always buy two copies of HIGH TIMES. That way, they have one copy to paste on their wall, and another to read.

DUMP MARSHALL

I have been a reader of your mag for years, but I have never read an article like the "Ten Worst Things that Happened to Pop Music" (August '87). Who in the hell does James Marshall think he is, putting down Jimmy Page and John Bonham? I want Marshall to know what he can do with that article. I know you won't print this letter, but I wanted you to know how I felt. Still reading, still listening.

—J.Z.

Orlando, Florida

Why would the best magazine around call Jimmy Page a "humorless turd"? And why is John Bonham insulted in the same run-on sentence? The yuppie who wrote the article on the "Ten Worst Things that Happened to Pop Music" should go listen to his Wham albums and stay out of HIGH TIMES.

—Monte C.

Newnan, Georgia

We've heard Marshall called a lotta names before, but never a yuppie! His article in the current issue (page 86) will give you an idea of the music he likes—certainly not Wham! In the meantime, Led Zep fans can vent their anger by voting to dump Marshall in the Top 100. (Doesn't anybody out there like Marshall?)

I would like to kick the ass of that fucker, James Marshall. Not only did he cut down such Beatle songs as "Hey Jude" and "Let It Be," which didn't totally piss me off (I just figured, okay, the guy's an asshole), but then he cut down Syd Barrett (I thought to myself, this guy's gone too far). However, then he called Jimmy Page an overrated guitarist and John "Bonzo" Bonham an overbearing, heavy-handed drummer. I nearly shit my pants! I would like to beat the shit out of Marshall with a drumstick to the beat of "Moby Dick"!

—Led Head

Grand Junction, Colorado

Avid readers of the magazine don't need to inquire who James Marshall is. Easily the most cantankerous critic of his generation, Marshall long ago rejected the over-commercialization of rock. He is a radio deejay with a program on WFMU, 91.1 FM, Upsala College, New Jersey. His critique of rock critics appeared in our October '86 issue.



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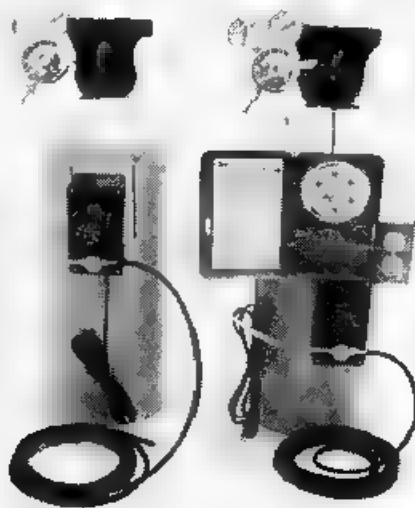
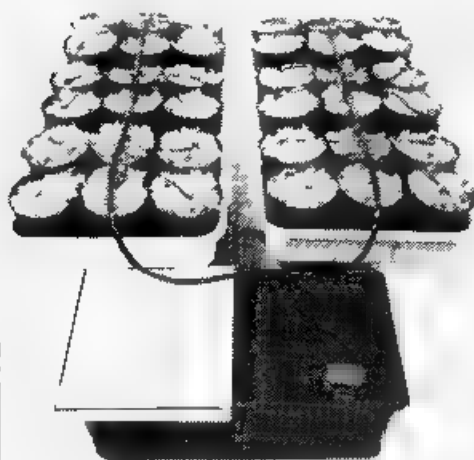
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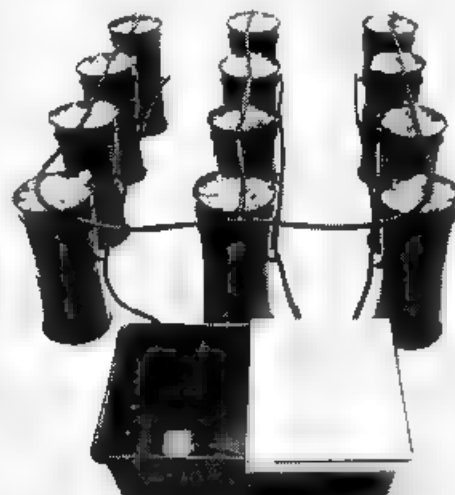
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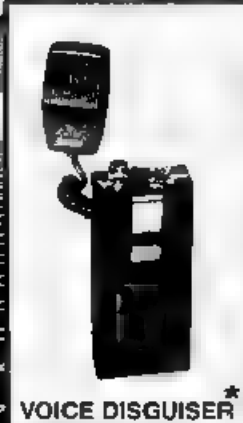
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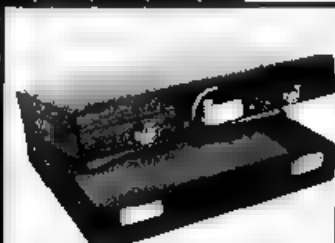
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...of marijuana ...

In pursuit of my own research, I generated the most extensive popular literature library in the world. Then generated the most extensive scientific bibliography in the world. Then went into a laboratory under Federal license at a major university in which I designed a laboratory grade growth chamber called the PHOTOTRON.

If you read all of the popular literature, and all of the scientific literature, I did, and took it every apparatus that is in Hawaii, you will find one common denominator. Every system IS TILL NOW, is designed to re-clone Hawaii. I suggest that when you finally achieve the re-clone of Hawaii, you can do NO BETTER than Hawaii's results. AND WHAT ARE HAWAII'S RESULTS?

In fact, you will grow one plant in 6 months, 6 to 12 feet tall. In fact, you will average a 6-inch internodal length (distance between budding sites). In fact, have a 10% budding ratio at the top of the plant. In fact, throw away 90% of the plant material (leaves/stock). And in fact, you MUST START ALL OVER AGAIN.

Look. The only thing I'm waiting for is a baby, number one. Number two, I do not want a tree in my house. And number three, I am not going to pay the ELECTRIC BILL TO PRODUCE THE SUN somewhere in my closet. Do not let us any look fool you. Do not let its size 3 1/2 feet tall x 18 inches wide fool you. Do not let its weight at 17 lbs. fool you.

The PHOTOTRON will draw \$4.00 per month in electricity (average). My system is totally different.

In fact, you will grow 6 plants that are 6 feet tall in 45 days, guaranteed. You will maintain a one-inch internodal length, guaranteed. That each plant will produce 1,000 budding sites, FROM TOP TO BOTTOM, guaranteed. And there will be 6 plants per individual PHOTOTRON, guaranteed.

And this is the only system in the world where you can re-flower and re-bud 6 plants every 45 days, up to 9 times per year without killing them. EVER. Then, you may re-flower and re-bud the exact same plants every 45 days up to nine times per year while you remove from the system every single solitary day, every day, (average 6-8 oz. every 45 days). You remove from the PHOTOTRON every single solitary day, guaranteed, from seed and germination.

I personally guarantee and answer for the PHOTOTRON, so do not let its technical nature throw you. You will require THREE PAGES OF INSTRUCTION, ONLY because the system is TOTALLY COMPLETE. You will do three things. Select, you will do three things.

Then, if you have any questions, you may call me direct. Ask your question, get your answer. And party on about your business. You cannot fail with my PHOTOTRON. I do not allow any of my PHOTOTRONS to fall below SHOW-CASE. I have personally guaranteed every PHOTOTRON that has ever been sold. And I have never had one returned. I am not taking any.

If you do not learn more about plant production than you have ever learned before, we will pay you for the call.



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	RE-FLOWER AND RE-BUD SAME PLANTS EVERY 45 DAYS UP TO 9 TIMES PER YEAR									
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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

DECEMBER '87

NO. 148



The San Pedro Glyph shows shaman preparing a ritual with the San Pedro cactus.

NARCS BUST BERKELEY NURSERY

Michael Coblentz, the owner of Nightbloomers, a small nursery specializing in exotic botanicals, was busted this past May for selling San Pedro cactus, a plant readily available in many nurseries.

The San Pedro cactus contains a small amount of mescaline, as do many other succulent plants. Nightbloomers sold the cactus, in the nursery and through the mails, accompanied by a two-page pamphlet explaining the plant's rich cultural history as the sacred plant of Peru, as well as how to care for the cactus. Coblentz, known locally as "Mr. Pedro," sold the cactus with USDA approval. Included in the pamphlet is the following statement: "NOTE: San Pedro and its use in the ancient shamanic healing process are fascinating subjects. Be aware that it is legal to possess, cultivate and distribute San Pedro but illegal to consume it. To purchase San Pedro from Nightbloomers, you must be 18 or older and must use the cactus within the boundaries of the law."

So what was the problem? In the same two-page pamphlet are four paragraphs explaining how the cactus is traditionally used by the natives of Peru, Ecuador and Bolivia in religious and healing ceremonies. Included in this is an explanation of how San Pedro is prepared. It is because of this section that Mr. Coblentz was

busted. And what a bust! According to Mr. Pedro, "Mendocino County narcotics agents... destroyed thousands of pounds of succulents and rare plants that took years to collect, unnecessarily breaking down doors, gates and locks... and slashing an \$8,000 solarium right out of a Blues Brothers skit, the narcs stated that they were 'on a mission from God,' and arrested at gunpoint two people who had nothing to do with the nursery but happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time."

Coblentz is facing a serious federal rap, while other nurseries continue to sell San Pedro cacti without any legal hassles simply because they do not give their buyers information on the history and ceremonial usage of the plant. This is an outrage and a travesty!

All concerned readers are asked to show their support by contributing to the Nightbloomers legal defense fund. You may send your contributions to: Nightbloomers, Box 4611, Berkeley, California 94704-0611.

For contributions of \$12 or more, Nightbloomers will send you an all-cotton T-shirt with a classic Pedro glyph printed on it. The glyph is derived from a stone engraving from the Chavin culture of Peru, from 3,000 years ago. (If you want the T-shirt, you can specify either "regular" or "large.") ●

Peter Tosh Murdered!

(Page 20)

Comix Art From Hollyweird

(Page 22)

Jello Biafra & "Frankenchrist"

(Page 23)

Oregon Marijuana Initiative

(Page 28)



FBI VS. MEESE

Edwin Meese, our right-wing, incompetent Attorney General, may have finally met his legal match. At confirmation hearings for the next head of the FBI, nominee Judge William Sessions disagreed with Meese's vision for the government's anti-drug campaign. First, he shot down the government's contention that they are winning the battle against drug trafficking, saying "there are more failures than there are successes." He then disagreed with Meese's view of the Miranda rule, which protects suspects' rights after they've been busted, saying "I agree with the law as it is." Asked about Meese's argument that law enforcement has been hamstrung because of the protection of defendants' rights, he argued that such protection has not "unduly damaged law enforcement." This directly contradicted the Attorney General, who is engaged in an active campaign to strip away the hard-won rights of all American citizens whose lifestyles differ from his own.

Ironically, Judge Sessions was picked to head the FBI by Attorney General Meese. ●



HIGHWITNESS NEWS

MARCIA RESNICK

REGGAE KING PETER TOSH MURDERED

Peter Tosh, the brilliant reggae singer/composer, was shot to death during an apparent robbery in his home outside of Kingston, Jamaica, on September 13.

Born Winston Hubert McIntosh in 1945, Tosh was an outspoken proponent of people's rights, individual rights and the legalization of marijuana.

In 1963 Tosh joined fellow reggae stars Bob Marley and Neville "Bunny" Livingstone to form The Wailers. He and Marley co-wrote many of the most popular reggae hits, including the politically oriented "I Shot the Sheriff" and "Trench Town Rock."

An outspoken advocate of legalization, Tosh was noted for smoking huge spliffs before, during and after his concerts. In 1976 he released the single and album "Legalize It" (ironically, the CD version had just appeared on the Columbia Collector's Choice Series. In the mid-'60s Tosh was arrested in Jamaica for possession of marijuana. (Although the smoking of ganja is a sacrament in the Rastafarian religion, pot is not legal in Jamaica.)

Three gunmen, suspected to be part of a motorcycle gang, burst into Tosh's home as he was entertaining friends. In all, seven people were shot.

Tosh's final album, "No Nuclear War," was released in this country just prior to his death.

QUICK FLA

"URINE TEST" A STEAL—STEAL THIS URINE TEST is the latest effort of former hippie-radical Abbie Hoffman, who also authored the seventies' classic STEAL THIS BOOK. Defined by Hoffman as a "call to arms against a ritual that has nothing to do with drug abuse and a lot to do with controlling citizens," the book was released this past fall by Penguin Books. Hedging his bets, Hoffman also says in his introduction that the book "does not beat the drum for or against drugs." The specific information about urine testing, false positives and national statistics is accurate...and familiar. Who was that bearded, aging hippie-type who asked for and received many back issues of HIGH TIMES as freebies a few months ago? Hoffman obviously went to the right source for his book.

SMOKELESS HIT FOR NICOTINE LOVERS—R.J. Reynolds, one of the giants of the tobacco industry that long ago copyrighted such names as Panama Red and Acapulco Gold, has taken yet another page from the dope-smoker's manual. Early next year they will hit the market with a smokeless cigarette. It produces little ash and almost no smoke—just like a "tilt." For those who haven't experienced it, a tilt is a device for the non-smoking of marijuana—instead of smoke, you get a massive hit of THC. We applaud Reynolds' ingenuity, and hope they're priming the market for a smokeless Acapulco Gold.

INDOOR GROWERS BUSTED—Home-growers beware: The feds have finally figured it out. Last August four people in St. Paul, Minnesota were convicted on charges of operating a sophisticated indoor growing farm in the northern part of the state. The specific charges were "conspiracy to manufacture and distribute marijuana."

Steal This Urine Test

Fighting Drug
Hysteria in
America



Abbie
Hoffman

Federal agents confiscated 50 sinsemilla plants from a 24-by-100 foot underground grow room beneath a house owned by Dennis Napieralski. Dale Mason and his wife Nancy were convicted of operating the farm for Dennis, with the technical assistance of John Burton. All four face maximum sentences of 20 years in prison and a maximum fine of \$1 million.

NEW YORK OFFICERS PROTEST RANDOM TESTING—New York Mayor Ed Koch has ordered random testing for the city's 8,000 jail guards. In an article in THE NEW YORK TIMES, the city's Corrections Commissioner, Richard Koehler, said that drug abuse among the guards was growing to alarming proportions. According to THE TIMES, "at least 213 employees have had drug problems since January 1985. Two off-duty officers died of overdoses last fall."

Predictably, the guards' union plans to fight the new testing program all the way. The union's president, Philip Seelig, said in the same article that the testing is "unconstitutional and outrageous and an unwarranted invasion of...pri-

SHES

vacy." Haven't we been saying that all along?

GUARANTEED DRUGS—D.G. Searle & Co., one of the largest manufacturers of prescription drugs in this country, has shocked the industry by announcing a money-back guarantee on all of its doctor-prescribed drugs. This does not mean that Searle is guaranteeing that the drugs will work. It means that if your doctor prescribes a Searle drug and then finds that it is not doing what it's supposed to, he can fill out a refund form for you and Searle will reimburse any out-of-pocket money spent. (Any part of the cost that was picked up by medical insurance will be returned to the insurance company.) Wouldn't it be nice if this policy was picked up by those who sell proscribed drugs too?

FOREST NARCS—A half-dozen U.S. Forest Rangers in Taos, New Mexico are being outfitted with high-tech equipment and being turned into narcs. Taos sources report that a new device that can smell pot plants—at a distance of up to several miles—has been successfully tested. The sniffer is apparently similar to the Environmental Protection Agency's instrument used to check air for pollution. So forest-farmers beware! You may have unwanted guests at harvest time.

"DEAD" NEWS—Where do they get the energy? The Grateful Dead, the longest-running and arguably most popular American rock group, has been touring the world for two decades, performing before sold-out audiences in such exotic places as Egypt. Now, on the heels of their latest album, "Touch of Grey," and their "So Far" and "Touch of Grey" videos, the Dead are planning to go where no Deadhead has gone before: mainland China. Producer Bill Graham is trying to put the tour together, which is tentatively slated to arrive in China in May of '88.

★ Go Go Girl of the Month ★



ILLUSTRATION COURTESY OF FRED BELL

Semjase (pronounced Sem-yazi) is an alien female from the planet Erra, located in the Pleiades, a group of seven stars clustered together in our galaxy, which are sometimes called "The Seven Sisters." Semjase has been in physical and telepathic contact with a human, Fred Bell, who drew her portrait (see inset). Semjase has delivered messages straight to Fred's brain that contain scientific information, as well as spiritual assistance. Her race travels to Earth via "beam-ships," fueled by magnetic field propulsion systems capable of spanning the galaxy in mere seconds.

To learn more about Semjase and her race, pick up *The Fellowship* (to be released by Doubleday in February at a cost of \$15.95, hardcover), which proposes the theory that throughout human history, aliens have interacted with us to communicate certain basic truths and concepts to our species, and that UFO contactees may be the emerging prototype of a "new evangelism."

We hope that they'll be of a higher consciousness than the evangelists we already have! ★

HOLLYWEIRD HOTLINE

by Dale Ashmun

GREETINGS from Southern California, the land of endless summer, low riders, bronzed bodies and beach bunnies, and where the latest sport is target practice on the freeways. After living in the East Village for the past seven years, my move to beautiful downtown Burbank gives new meaning to the concept of culture shock. However, a couple of kindly *HIGH TIMES* editors have decided to let me columnize monthly regarding various events along the fault line, so let's begin with a few words about "Bad Influences." That's the name of a show curated by Georganne Deen that hung from July 17th to August 29th at the Otis/Parsons Gallery, located right across from MacArthur Park (the same park where someone left the cake out in the rain).

GEORGANNE and five other L.A. area artists were able to flaunt their outrageous imagery for the lucky art mavens who tripped lightly through the gallery's enormous Wilshire Blvd. space. Included were Neon Park (renowned for his LP covers for Little Feat and the primo Mothers of Invention cover "Weasels Ripped My Flesh"), Robert Williams (original Zap! contributor whose rep as a demon with a paintbrush grows yearly), Mark Mothersbaugh (former Devo singer who displayed a series for 300 immaculately mounted hand-drawn postcards), Gary Panter (creator of "Jimbo" and king of ratty drawings, look for his puppets on Pee Wee's Playhouse) and Byron Werner who does great numbers on ceramic kitsch figurines. For example, he took one of those darling little lawn jockeys and painted its face and hands in a blue snakeskin motif, added snake eyes (plus a third eye on his forehead) and painted a suit of jockey silks on the poor bastard loud enough to deafen a Motley Crue fan. Aside from a hefty helping of artwork from these six yahoos, each artist was assigned to fill up a plexiglass display case with various "bad influences" from their personal collections of neat stuff. Among the wonderous items in these cases were early EC comics, "Tijuana Bibles" (8 page dirty comics from the 1930s), a Dr. Seuss book, Japanese toy robots, Rat Fink models, toy army men and many more icons of junk-culture worshippers. Robert Williams even had his custom-built '32 Ford hot rod on display, complete with two mannequins on board that were bloody and bandaged as if they had just lost a chicky run. One of my favorite visual whammies was the Barbie Dream House put together by Georganne Deen (assisted by Karen Bauer), in which about seven hooker Barbie dolls dressed in their finest cathouse threads are about to "entertain" a jeepload of G.I. Joes and a black sailor pulling up in a blue Corvette. Whorehouse details abound right down to a platinum blond topless Blondie beckoning from the jacuzzi.

CANDYE IS DANDY Candye Kane, that is, who celebrated Elvis Presley's deathday



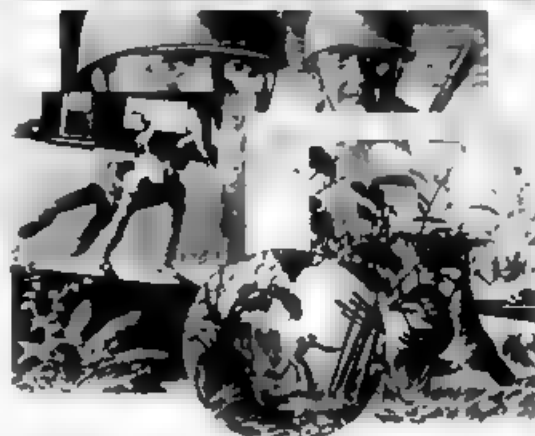
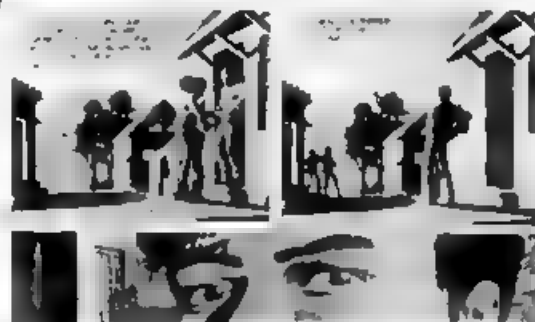
A COLLABORATIVE WORK BY THE ARTISTS IN EXHIBITION

Above: The invitation for the exhibition of "Bad Influences." It features art elements from all of the artists in the show, including Georganne Deen, Mark Mothersbaugh, Gary Panter, Neon Park, Byron Werner and Robert Williams. If you can figure out who did what, then you've definitely been exposed to some bad influences already.

10th anniversary August 16th with a rousing set of rock n' tunes at Al's Bar (305 S. Hewitt). Candye and her band, The Armadillo Stampede, stormed through an hour of classic country, rockabilly and original numbers that had the joint jumping like a Texas juke joint. Their version of "Blue Moon of Kentucky" would have earned a 21-cheeseburger salute from the King himself. Al's Bar, by the way, is one of the friendliest dives I've ever chugged suds in, so you'll be hearing about various goings-on from there as they hit the fan.

LIFE DURING WARTIME DEPT. Hats off to California-based Eclipse Comics, whose *Real War Stories* is going to raise a few eyebrows among the caped crusader fans. Editor Joyce Brabner got involved in this outreach project of the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors nearly three years ago and put together an impressive array of industry talent (including Brian Bolland, Alan Moore, Denny O'Neil and many others) to produce this full-color, 52-page powerful anti-war book. The book is a collection of true, documented first-hand narratives that reflect various horrors of war and shocking facts about U.S. militarism. *Real War Stories* offers a much-needed alternative to the *Rambo/Top Gun* point of view that is turning on many draft-age young Americans.

HAPPY TRAILS DEPT. Well, I'm running out of column space, so before I invade your space, sayonara and join me next month for an investigation of the recreational drug scene in L.A. (I just moved here last week so I'm still hunting for it.) ●



CHARGES DROPPED ON 400 IN D.C.

The scenario is a familiar one: Local cops swoop down on an unsuspecting drug dealer and haul him, his stash and his cash down to the local hoeseqow. The next day, the dealer picks up the morning paper (having made bail) and reads about the bust. It's an experience right out of *The Twilight Zone*, because he finds that the facts are all wrong. Is he reading about the right bust? The amount of pot and other drugs confiscated reported is but a small fraction of what was actually taken. Sometimes, the cash seized is not mentioned at all. In a few cases, the evidence has disappeared altogether, and charges are subsequently dropped. Another case of bluecoat sticky-fingers.

DRUG TEST UPDATE

Every day, **HIGH TIMES** receives several phone calls from people inquiring about drug tests. Most of the callers have to take a test in a day or two and suddenly realize what's at stake. Some of the calls are from people who don't take drugs but failed a drug test. Universally, the people who call are outraged over the invasion of their privacy.

We refer such calls to **NOHML** and to **Question Authority**—(800) 976-TEST—and remind people that there is no foolproof way to pass a drug test, because variables such as drug-testing procedures and individual metabolisms make it impossible to give out a formula on how to beat a drug test. We are preparing a definitive update that will run in an upcoming issue. Until then, as more and more information about drug tests comes in, it's becoming obvious that no one should be subjected to such idiocy. Anyone who says, "I have nothing to fear from taking a drug test because I don't take drugs," obviously doesn't realize how fallible drug tests are.

If you are about to take a drug test for whatever reason, remem-

ber to tell the tester every drug you've taken in the last few weeks. Otherwise, you could really screw up the results, and that would be terrible, wouldn't it? Many legal, over-the-counter drugs show up in drug tests. **Alka-Seltzer Plus**, **Allerest**, **Bronkaid**, **Contac**, **Donnagel**, **Nyquil**, **Primalone**, **Prolamine**, **Sinutab**, **Sudafed** and **Triaminic** are just a few of the brand name drugs that could give you a positive result on a drug test. And, as we've stated before, even the most sophisticated urinalysis can mistake the skin pigment melanin for **THC**. Blacks often have free-floating melanin particles in their urine.

Research shows that 20 percent to 50 percent of 18 to 25 year olds test positive in employment drug tests. Add to that additional findings that nearly 33 percent of **Fortune 500** companies test employees for drugs (opposed to only 5 percent four years ago). Then throw these numbers into the equation: In a 1985 study, the **Centers for Disease Control** sent drug-spiked samples to several drug-testing labs. Some of the labs failed to find certain drugs in 100 percent of the samples. Other labs reported false violations

when they didn't exist! 66 percent of the time.

It's surprising that drug testing has not become an issue in the upcoming presidential campaign—yet. Some heavy-duty labor organizations are against drug testing. **Edward Cleary**, president of the **New York AFL-CIO**, which has two million members, told the **NEW YORK DAILY NEWS**, "It's [drug testing] too loose and could prove very detrimental. Drug testing is the first step in the elimination of a person's total privacy."

Apparently, many employers don't care about issues like an individual's privacy. Some companies test for drugs as part of pre-employment physicals, but never tell the applicants that they're being screened. ●

RANDOM DRUG TESTER GETS PISSED ON

In a landmark case in Boston, a federal jury awarded \$125,000 to a man who was fired for failing to pass a urine test.

The jury found that **Donal Kelley**, a nine-year employee of the oil-drilling company **Schlum-**

berger Technology, had his rights to privacy violated by unannounced random drug tests in May and June of 1985. The tests took place on an oil rig 60 miles off the coast of Louisiana. Kelley was summarily fired after traces of pot were found in his urine. The oil-drilling company's lawyers argued that work aboard the 26-million pound rig is extremely dangerous and that drug testing is necessary to guarantee safety. The jury obviously thought differently.

Testifying for the defense was expert toxicologist **Dr. Brian Pape**. Pape said that the test results did not prove that Kelley was under the influence of marijuana at the time he was tested, since traces can be found in urine up to 30 days after it's used. Kelley's lawyer argued that "They can tell marijuana is present in your urine, but not when usage occurred."

Employee drug-testing programs all over the country have been given a major set-back by this precedent-making decision. No longer can people be sacked just because they test positive for drugs. It is now up to the company to prove that the drugs were taken while on the job. So if you want to play it safe, get high **BEFORE** you go to work. ●

A page from the first issue of **Eclipse Comics' Real War Stories**. It's from a story called "A Long Time Ago & Today," written by **Joyce Brabner** and **Lou Ann Merkle**, and illustrated by **Thomas Yeates** and **Mark Johnson**. In addition to scripting the stories, Brabner acted as the issue's editor and Merkle as project director. The centerfold of the book is a graphic display of the "U.S. Troops & World Battlefields" in 1986.

The split really hit the fan this past September, when Washington, D.C. prosecutor **Joseph diGenova** announced that 300-400 drug cases were being dismissed "in order to preserve the integrity of the criminal justice system." What he meant was that 12 cops from the city's Fourth District vice squad are under investigation for ripping off drugs and money from busts—as many as 400—including major felony arrests for cocaine and heroin dealing.

Before the announcement that the cases would be dropped, FBI agents swooped down on the vice squad and confiscated boxes containing records of arrests and search warrants.

Will the cops be busted and charged? Perhaps. The city's chief of police, **Maurice Turner**, said that he would be making "some assessment" about possible disciplinary action. Did anyone say, "double standard"? ●

HIGHWITNESS NEWS

"FRANKENCHRIST" LIVES!

Jello Biafra, lead singer of the **Dead Kennedys** (better known for their name than their music), walked away from obscenity charges stemming from a poster that accompanied the group's "Frankenchrist" album after the jury announced that it was deadlocked at 7-5 for acquittal.

Biafra said that after the trial "more than seven" members of the jury asked him to autograph copies of the album.

The source of all the commotion is a poster by Swiss surrealist **H.R. Giger**, who designed the "biomechanical" look of the hit horror flick **ALIEN**. Giger's "Frankenchrist" poster featured abstract images of human genitalia. As art, the poster is protected by many laws. As a record freebie, however, it was considered as material harmful to minors who might buy the album. The Los Angeles District Attorney's office brought the charges after getting a complaint from the parents of a fourteen-year-old **Dead Kennedys** fan. Apparently, she had bought the album for her eleven-year-old brother.

Had the charges been upheld, Biafra would have been found guilty under the Los Angeles County obscenity laws and would have been fined and/or jailed. Although the music on the album is clearly more offensive than the poster, "bad taste" is not covered by the L.A. statutes. ●



An innocent-looking **Jello Biafra** breathes easier after his case was dismissed.

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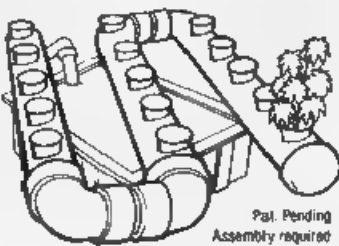
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QUICK FLASHES

continued from page 21

"THE GIPPER" DENOUNCED AS A DOUBLE-DIPPER—The National Taxpayers Union recently denounced President Reagan (who played football star George Gipp in the film "Knute Rockne, All-American") for violating the Constitution by accepting \$178,000 in pension money from California during the past seven years. The Constitution prohibits a President from receiving money from "the United States, or any one of them." Although California was a state the last time we looked, the President's lawyer insists that the receipt of state pension money was not intended to come under the prohibition. Said Sid Taylor of the NTU: "In the first place, he doesn't need the money—he's a millionaire at least." ●



RICHARD PRIDEMORE

FORCADE SCHOLARSHIP WINNER

Pictured above is Dan Horn, winner of the 1987 Forcade Scholarship. Dan, a senior at the E.W. Scripps School of Journalism at Ohio State University, qualified for the award for his ability as an in-depth reporter and good news writer. After serving an internship at the Kentucky Post, Dan took over as editor of the Scripps school paper, The Post.

The Forcade Scholarship, begun three years ago in memory of HIGH TIMES' founder, Thomas King Forcade, is awarded to the student who best exemplifies the ideas behind the "new journalism." ●

continued on page 28

WHY WE NEED ROCK'N'ROLL

by Jon Gettman, NORML National Director

A small community lay clustered around the big stone house on the hilltop, inhabited by sharecroppers and a few craftsmen. Hard times had set in long ago. The hands of men who in earlier times would have been princes were now soiled and calloused, the women were doing their own laundry.

Now and then a wandering minstrel would pass through, causing great excitement as word spread. That evening the farmers and villagers would gather to enjoy the festivities — chiefly wine, song, and company as the sun fell and the wanderer told his story.

It would be a story about virtue and heartbreak, honor and tragedy, love and revenge — all the little things that shape human lives every day of the year whether lived in a palace or a pasture. It would be a story that spun these threads into a cloak of enchantment, with a music and rhythm giving it a life of its own.

came the major tradition of Greek culture, but he did so by rising out of the minor tradition of his age.

The Iliad and *The Odyssey* are rock'n'roll classics in their original language. They were written to be read aloud and to hold an audience's attention for a long period of time. The meter gives the words rhythm, demanding a reading that transforms the words into music. In turn, this quality gives the story a more compelling, engaging, and dramatic character. Homer didn't have to wait for Duke Ellington to know it don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing.

The wandering minstrel lives on in our own society, and still knows how to rock! Rock'n'roll is part of a major cultural tradition. We have to conserve it. Let's face it, everyone who likes any rock music dislikes other rock music. Rock fans are very, very picky. For example, one of my favorite bands, Pink Floyd, was described

snob I resent pompous squares trashing a cultural tradition I value. I've got news for Mr. Bloom, and for that matter the Parents Music Resource Center, and Jimmy Swaggert. We've been rocking since the break of dawn, and we'll keep rocking on and on.

It's called the oral tradition. It's one of the strongest forces of cultural integration in the history of the world.

Rock'n'roll concerns human relationships — love, understanding, fidelity, heartache, lust, confusion, adultery and tragedy. In this human respect, rock songs are about compassion: they express the human condition. Otherwise, they're about exploration or rebellion, both very typical of the epic. Iron Maiden would have little trouble scoring music for battle scenes from *The Iliad*.

Its values, though, is what rock music is often attacked for. I think the values of re-

NORML — IZER

The wanderer could have been a downscale version of Bruce Springsteen, Johnny Rotten, Suzanne Vega, Bob Dylan or Bonnie Raitt. For that matter, it could have been Muddy Waters, Robert Johnson, or any old bluesman wandering around the Mississippi Delta. It was on the Delta where a lot of what we now call rock'n'roll was rediscovered. It is a place where a folklorist might have studied the minor tradition, a little pocket of culture that had a significant effect on the major tradition of popular culture. Eric Clapton's recording "Crossroads," for example, is major tradition; whereas Robert Johnson's original recording of "Cross Road Blues" is minor tradition.

The world's first documented rocker was the great Greek poet, Homer. Although set in the Post-Civil War American South, the scene described above is of Greece in 800 B.C. They had just been through a tough couple of hundred years, and their civilization wasn't at all what it had been. Homer was a blind, wandering poet. He was the essence of the Greek creative genius that has so influenced Western civilization since. Homer be-

came in *HIGH TIMES* as one of the worst things that ever happened to rock'n'roll. And here I am writing about Homer, could you find a better example of Dinosaur Rock than this? But there are other people in America who listen to rock music for other reasons than we do. They listen for reasons to censor it, or worse, attack us for listening to it.

Take Allan Bloom, the author of the best selling *The Closing of the American Mind*. Mr. Bloom, a nicotine lover, condemns rock music as being responsible for the moral decay of our youth. Reading some of his comments about rock'n'roll leads me to believe he just doesn't like any of it. It seems that rock music is so attractive to young people as to provide unfair competition for their attention by the books and ideas of stature that Mr. Bloom and his fans of stature are partial to. Therefore, rock 'n' roll is a threat to life as Mr. Bloom would like to know it. What must he think about country music?

Mr. Bloom, unlike his Joycean namesake, is a snob. That's okay with me, because I'm a snob too. However, being a

bellion are healthy for teenage kids, although I can understand why some parents don't like that.

Rock'n'roll is about life. It makes some sense out of it, and it provides a compelling way of examining life in a different light. Rock'n'roll bonds people together, in large and small numbers. It's more than the themes of a few different songs or the importance of a few personal anthems. Rock'n'roll is a major cultural tradition, rich with its local, minor tradition components. It is a cultural tradition with its roots among the people, not the self-proclaimed intelligentsia. It is an old fashioned celebration, rich in consciousness.

Most important, I think, is the fact that rock'n'roll is a return to an old and virtuous tradition of great social import. Conservative commentators often dwell on the forces pulling people apart in our society. If they understood rock'n'roll, they would be praising it. The oral tradition, being closer to the people, provides a more truthful view of a society than any survey or analysis. It also has a more potent and powerful effect on the people, an effect they participate in creating. ●

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	Colombian Yellow, 10 lb pots	lb-bk	8000
	Indica-sativa hybrids, very select yr. kolos	lb	800-1500
	Indica-sativa hybrids, prime, interior bud	lb	800-1200
	Hybrid Clone Stock	lb	800-1500
	Pure indica or sativa strains, commercial kolos	lb	800-1500
	Pure indica or sativa strains, house of error bud	lb	800-1500
	Pure indica or sativa strains, C441, good high	lb	800-1500
Memphis, TN	Good-looking Skunk buds	lb	45-50
	Reeder, lower grade, bud	lb	30-35
	Acid, wild bloom, C-441, good high	lb	30-35
Orlando, FL	Thai, "Superb"	lb	200-250
	Florida Sunset, good buzz	lb	150
	Mexican, "same"	lb	150
	Mexican, "same"	lb	150
	Mexican, "same"	lb	150
	Mexican, "same"	lb	150
	Mexican, "same"	lb	150
	Mexican, "same"	lb	150
	Mexican, "same"	lb	150
	Mexican, "same"	lb	150

AROUND THE U.S.

Boulder, CO	Mexican	lb	200
	Fresh baby indica, 10 lb pots already rooted	lb	200
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	Acid, 10 lb pots	lb	200
	Acid, 10 lb pots	lb	200
	Acid, 10 lb pots	lb	200
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	Acid, 10 lb pots	lb	200
	Acid, 10 lb pots	lb	200
	Acid, 10 lb pots	lb	200

Fairfax County, VA	Brown sugar, most	lb	40
	by, mixed with	lb	150
	br. w. r. sativa	lb	150
	OK, but I've	lb	150
	tasted better	lb	150
	Green, 10 lb pots	lb	150
	sat. 10 lb pots	lb	150
	sat. 10 lb pots	lb	150
	sat. 10 lb pots	lb	150
	sat. 10 lb pots	lb	150
Kansas City, MO	Brown, 10 lb pots	lb	150
	sat. 10 lb pots	lb	150
	sat. 10 lb pots	lb	150
	sat. 10 lb pots	lb	150
	sat. 10 lb pots	lb	150
	sat. 10 lb pots	lb	150
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LETTERS



NEW YORK

Where are all the 'shrooms at? Purple microdot is plentiful mind-fucking and cheap (three hits for ten), but we are sick of synthetics! The Chicago market seems to be booming—how's about some of that action around here? You can sell your shrooms in NO TIME! Our dorm-grown isn't too bad. We pay \$20-\$25 for Mex can sativa. It's fuckin' A and got more red hairs than Howdy Doodie. If you take a few deathly bong hits, the high is real groovy and a most like trippin'. Someone please bring us some shrooms! Please!

The Elektrik Company
C.W. Post College
Brooklyn, New York

TEXAS

I have a quotation for Dallas, Texas: The pot situation stinks! As of right now, there is nothing but bunk brown sativa—very seedy—and primo Buta Thai—very expensive, \$300 an ounce. A son just returning from my hometown Santa Cruz, California. I have to admit that the market down there is improving tremendously. Rare indica goes for \$30 an 1/8-ounce, \$180 an ounce, killer skunk is \$200 per ounce and good green sativa is \$100 per ounce.
Big D
Dallas, Texas



PAGE 64.

FLORIDA

We're having quite a drought down here in Boca Raton. Those who have managed to surmount it have become fiercely parsimonious with what little they have. I'm just hoping that the upcoming tourist season can work some magic, and work it soon. Ever since March or so, the supply has gone from bad, to worse, to all but nil. Not only the good stuff (THC, LSD), but the bad stuff as well (crack and smack). Some of the heads I know have turned with a vengeance to heavy drinking, and worse tobacco! This "War on Drugs" is actually screwing up people more than it's supposed to be helping them. The worst part of all is, us heads are forced to deal with out and out criminals if we wanna smoke some sweetleaf. A few truck-loads or plane-loads of top-notch sinsemilla would be appreciated by a great many people. Thank you.
The Watcher in the Ring
Boca Raton, Florida

If you're ever on Clearwater Beach, beware the narcs. We have so many of them plus the Turns, that more than likely, every sixth person you see after 9:00 PM is out to get you! The party's at Ft. DeSoto and Honeymoon Island anyway.
Shroomanoid Ed
Clearwater, Florida

IDAHO

I love your Trans-High Market Quotations, but I live in Idaho and I never see Idaho in the quotes. Idaho isn't just a bunch of potato farmers, you know. There are a lot of cool people too. We got lots of good drugs down here and, just once, please, please, please, put Idaho in there somewhere. I live in Twin Falls, Idaho and I can get good Hawaiian shake for \$25 a 1/4-ounce, or red-hair shake for the same price. My friend can get brown buds for \$20 a 1/4-ounce and red-hair "killer" buds for \$25 a 1/4-ounce. No acid this time of year, but when there is it's \$5-\$7 a hit. Shrooms are "around" if you look for them. \$7-\$10 a gram. No skunk buds, though once there was KILLER skunk, and it was \$35 for an eighth. So if there's any skunk bud out there, please send it the Twin Falls way! You'd make a killing on it!

J.E. "Pink Floyd"
Twin Falls, Idaho

Omaha, NE	Reddish-brown, not bud, just hard to find	4-oz	40
	Columbian, almost red bud	1/4-oz	4
	Black hash, real nice first in about a year	oz	10
Pinellas County, FL	Buds from 2" very sporadic, don't know why	oz	90-110
	Mushrooms, plentiful, free lots of many varieties		FREE
	Acid, Gold-bur blotto, takes two, but wow	hit	5
Portland, OR	Coke, lots around	gm	90
	Prime homegrown bud available on h and miss, the 1/8-oz is most popular in Portland area	1/8-oz	25-35
Richmond, VA	Excellent coke	gm	100
	Mex. "not hammer weed, but OK"	1/4-oz	30
		oz	125
		1/4 lb	400
Sherman Oaks, CA	Super Thai dark green, "two hits to orbit"	1/4-oz	60
	Chocolate Thai, brown and green, the cosmo buds	oz	240
South Tahoe, CA	Killer Skunk "sticky and stone"	1/4-oz	70
	Thai, "OK stone"	oz	200
	Weed, "the same one shit not worth it"	1/4-oz	50
	Black hash, sleepy	gm	50
	Shrooms, "hard to find, not worth the look"	gm	10
	Acid, Grateful Dead, clean, good	hit	3-6
	Acid, Blue & Gold, "Star party fun"	hit	5
	Acid, Aztec Gold, "real fuckin' rad"	hit	2
	Acid, Zodiac, "speedy"	hit	2
	LSD-25, haven't tried it	box (10)	25
Springfield, MO	Coke, "good white"	1/4-oz	20
	Ozark Skunk, natural sativa, indica cross, rare, the best	1/4-oz	40-50
	Marijuana, assorted types and flavors	oz	150
	Indoor Ozark strain, "beautiful, potent very tasty for grower's use only"	1/4-oz	30-40
	LSD, Sun God, blotter, 2 lbs, will do, very intense	oz	100-120
Tioga County, PA	Good green strain, "when you can get it"	1/4-oz	325-400
	Brown weed, "sucks smells mounds"	1/4-oz	not available at any price
Tucson, AZ	Mex, wistones, pressed in 8-lb. block pillow, "eyeball munchy buzz"	10-lbs	60-70

INTERNATIONAL

Toronto, Canada	Hard-pressed Jamaican, "wanes be choosy"	oz	2000, 1500
	Afghan-black, Kabul, "back again"	lb	2000, 1500
	Durweed, "somebody buys it always need new supplies"	lb	2000, 1500
	Red-Hair-bends, returning	lb	2000, 1500
	Thai, West Coast crossbred, a most like he real thing	lb	2500, 1800
	Toronto's best smoke, rare	lb	2000, 1500
	Black Gold, stamped	lb	2000, 1500

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

continued from page 24

UPDATING THE OREGON INITIATIVE

by Paul Stanford

The Oregon Marijuana Initiative is continuing its efforts to change Oregon's cannabis laws. On November 6, 1986 their proposal to legalize marijuana growing and possession for personal private use was defeated by the Oregon electorate, 74 percent against, 26 percent in favor. Since then the movement's activists have debated what their goal should be. Different factions favor various proposals.

Director John Sajo and chief petitioner Laird Funk seem to be leading the largest contingent of activists down the path of moderation. Their new petition, which was filed in June 1987, would legalize cultivation of three marijuana plants per individual, on the condition that the grower pay a \$50 annual licensing fee to the state of Oregon. Out of the funds generated by this license, 50 percent would be directed to drug education programs.

Though this proposal seems benign, the anti-drug crusaders have already moved to stop it. Oregon Free From Drug Abuse, a group that campaigned against the initiative last year, has hired an attorney to challenge the petition's wording in the Secretary of State's office. U.S. Attorney for Oregon Charles Turner has also written to the Secretary of State alleging that the proposed petition would violate the "one subject" rule of Oregon initiatives.

These are only delaying tactics, but they indicate the seriousness with which marijuana-prohibition advocates view the scene in Oregon. They think that any marijuana use is abuse. Oregon has a higher per capita marijuana cultivation rate than any other state in the U.S. With a population of two and one half million people, NORML estimates Oregon's 1987 marijuana crop at \$1.3 billion. Many of the Northern California growers have moved to Oregon in the face of the federal Campaign Against Marijuana Planting.

A large group of pro-marijuana activists are opposed to paying any licensing fee to the state. This mostly libertarian faction sees the use of half the funds for state-directed drug education as an evil that would perpetuate misinformation. Doctor Fred Oerther, another chief petitioner, asks, "Who are these polyps that have infected the movement with taxation?"

Oregon will vote on a new marijuana initiative in the 1988 election. ●

continued on page 30

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RARE ISSUE!

Aug. 1977 No. 24

The Andy Warhol Interview The Great Grass Trials (Robert Mitchum, Candy Darling, Leslie A. Fiedler and Michael Metzger), Dolly Parton, National Marijuana Day, The Lolita Complex, The Coca-Cola Conspiracy, The Ugliest American, the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers

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May 1978 No. 33

Muhammad Ali, Lou Reed, and Pat. Smith Three American Poets, Dateline Punk London, Interview with the unknown Comic Dylan's movie How Success Ruined His Sex Life, The ABC's of How to Be Cool, How to Make a Movie for \$10,000 (by Amos Poe), Royal Nepalese, The Making of The Smugglers

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Aug. 1980 No. 60

Cheech and Chong interview, The Strange Phenomenon of Cattle Mutations, The Invasions of the Space Nazis, Ron Reagan Pinups, Confessions of a 63 year old Pot Virgin, Chapter and Verse from Bob Marley, Steroid Madness: Drugs and the Olympics, The Persecution and Assassinations of the Parapsychologists (by Robert Anton Wilson)

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Mar. 1981 No. 67

Johnny Paycheck interview, Cheech and Chong Sneak Preview The Soldier of Fortune Convention The Dirty Parts of the Bible Trenchtown USA, Camouflage Growing Undercover Anatomy of a DEA Sting, Zippy comic (by Bill Griffith), Studs Kirby comic (by Peter Bagge)

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Jul. 1981 No. 71

George Romero Interview D.O.A. A Chronicle of the Sex Pistols Documentary (A HIGH TIMES Film), William Burroughs Book Bonus (Illustrated by Ralph Steadman), Third Annual Connoisseur Awards Grow American in Pursuit of the Perfect Cola Cabala Tasting the Forbidden Fruit of Life (by Robert Anton Wilson)

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Aug. 1981 No. 72

Tommy Rettig interview (the kid from Lassie), Celebs Nix Coke Probe, The Sorcerer's Apprentice Nikola Tesla LSD '81 Marketing the Better Blotter Cocaine Colonialism How the Fascists Took Over Bolivia A Kay! An Instructive Guide for Travelers to Morocco, Grow American, Arizona High-Ways

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Nov. 1981 No. 79

Stevie Nicks interview Mick Jagger Meets Miles Davis Geary Cooney interview Century of Hope (by Drew and Josh Friedman), Seven Marijuana Myths (by Dean Latimer), Grow Himalayan — A Coke Whore (by Victor Bockris), Zippy comic (by Bill Griffith), Mr. Know-It All comic (by J.D. King)

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Jun. 1982 No. 82

Sneak Preview Conan the Barbarian Sex and Drugs and Tom Forcade (by Dean Latimer), Into the Nightlife Dope Connoisseur Interview A Sympathetic Feminist Talks to Men About Sex Stand Back! Here Comes The Force Spirituality and Psychokinesis

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Dec. 1984 No. 112

Wild Style — Global Trends in Music Fashion Politics, Bar hopping in Berlin, Barcelona Boogie Tokyo-A-Go-Go, The Unsung Heroes of Rock N Roll Free Calendar interview with a Northern California Grower Oregon Marijuana Initiative Torpedoed Cultivating the Alaskan Highway

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Jan. 1985 No. 113

New Music Notes Lou Reed, Pete Wolf James Brown Madonna and Alrika Bambaata Speak Out Profiles of Dr. Albert Holmann and Baba Ram Dass Hash making in Lebanon, Outlaws in Babylon (fiction by Steve Chapple), The Debut of the Funny Papers (with comic by Gary Panter Wayne White, Mark Newgardens and Mark Marek)

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May 1985 No. 117

Desperately Seeking Susan Madonna Rosanna Arquette and Susan Sedelman, Jazzin' in the Big Easy The New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival, How to Spot a Yuppie Junkie, The War Against Apartheid, Confessions of a Yuppie Junkie Inside the Mushroom Lab, All American Roots Rock

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Dec. 1986 No. 136

Ken Kesey The Reluctant Guru Last Time the Angels Came Up (by Ken Kesey), Zombie Mystery Paintings (by Robt Williams) The Dream of Hunters Pursuing Wild Sahino in Peru (by Peter Gorman), Giant Pullout Calendar Flying Cows Tied to Mystery Fungus, The History of Drugs comic (by Ed Hassle and Flick Ford)

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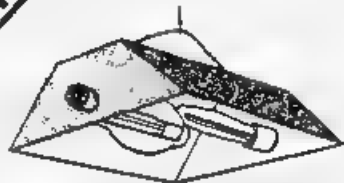
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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

continued from page 28

WEEDS: BUDDHA RECORDS



Brewer and Shipley at the height of their careers, from the 1969 album *Weeds*.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO... BREWER & SHIPLEY?

by Steve Bloom

"We're the one-take boys," said Mike Brewer with a smile during a recent show at New York's Bottom Line. "Never had to buy pot. People would just throw it on the stage." Nobody threw pot on stage for Brewer & Shipley's first New York appearance in seven years, but there was that sweet smell in the air. The nostalgia lingered long after the group performed "One Take Over the Line," as fans chatted with Brewer, who stood at the bar acknowledging their various recollections.

Earlier in the year, prompted by a Kansas City radio station, Brewer & Shipley reunited. Tom Shipley had long quit the music business, becoming a professional fisherman instead. But Brewer has kept plugging away, commuting to Nashville from his home in Branson, Missouri. "L.A. thinks my music is too Nashville, Nashville thinks my music is too L.A.," he says. "This is just what I do. I'm into permanent wave, not New Wave. I'm fed up with drum machines. I want to hear human beings playing again."

About "One Take," which was a number-10 hit in 1971, he explains. "I didn't think it was one of our better songs. We weren't trying to cause any trouble. It was so ridiculous that it was banned. But the funny thing is that Lawrence Welk performed it on his show. He thought it was a gospel song!" ●

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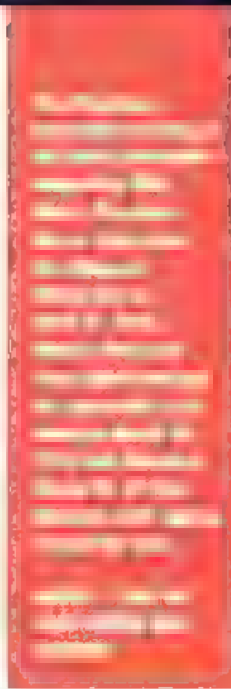
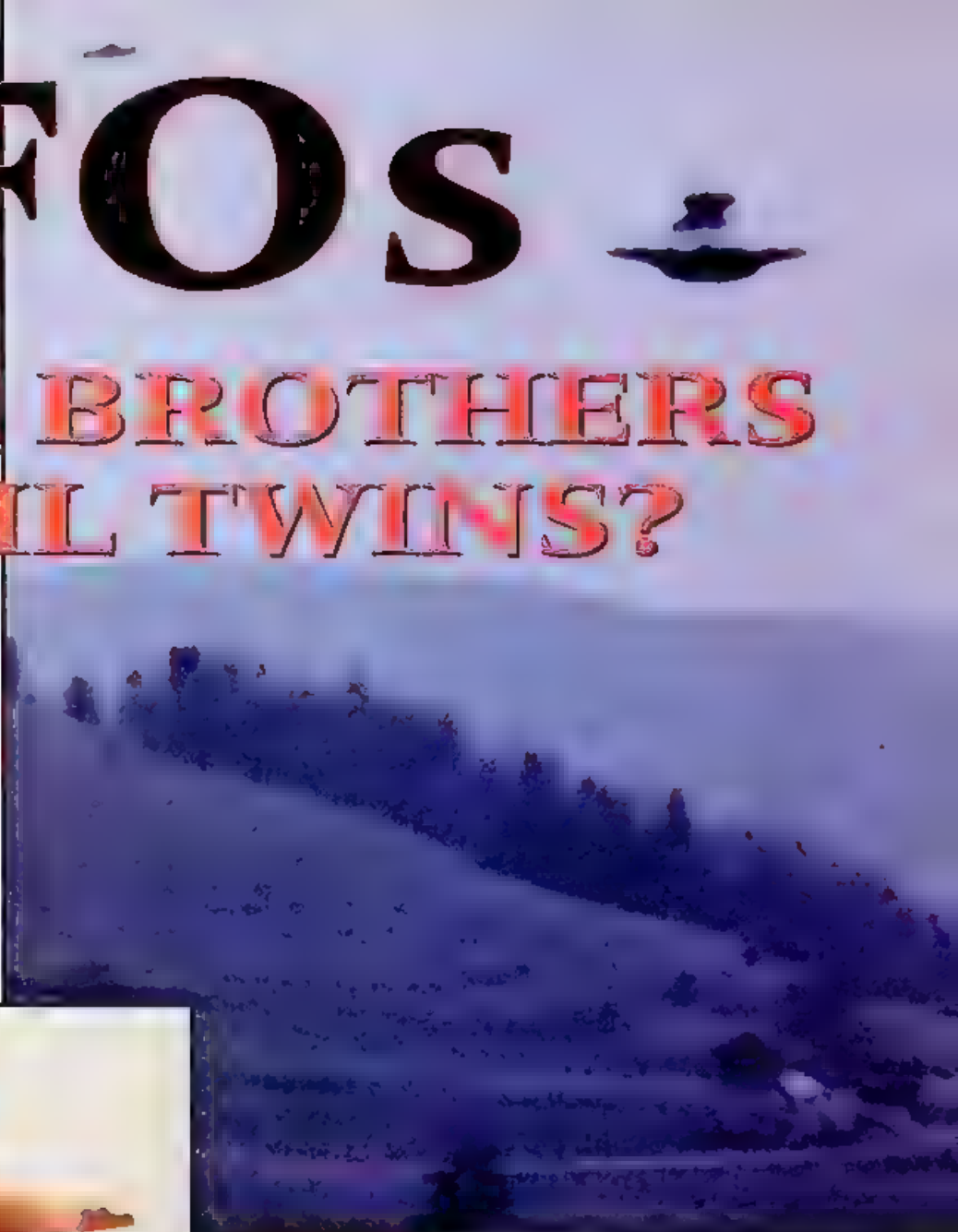
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UFOs

SPACE BROTHERS OR EVIL TWINS?


BY LOU STATHIS

WELL, once again an epidemic of stiff necks is loose in the land, as millions of hopeful heads are re-swiveling themselves spaceward in search of signs from above. UFOmania might come and go, but UFOs themselves never really disappear—they just yo-yo from background to foreground in an endless, media-fueled cycle of public interest



And right now, the big flashing Duncan Imperial in the sky is full swing into the in-yer-face mode, with one book hovering in a seven-month best-seller list holding pattern (Whitley Strieber's *Communion*), a couple of others trying hard to shake gravitational shackles and join it (Gary Kinder's *Light Years*, and Budd Hopkins' *Intruders*), and—probably most important of all—Shirley MacLaine confessing her years of alien gab-fests in several cash-intensive books and a numbingly sincere TV movie.

But why now? Much of this resurgence can be attributed to the roving eye and fickle attention span of the mass-mind, UFOs as fashion item, like hem-lines and TV-show genres. Flying doobies and cute little guys from up there have been out of plain sight (and mind) since the late '70s, when the last media-rash raged. That outbreak, pumped by a saucer-seeing President and mega-doses of Von Däniken/Spielberg on pulp mysticism



impacting on '60s softened brains, faded with the turn of the decade. So, even the calendar tells us it's time for a rerun. But beyond this simple remission/metastasizing cycle, other time factors are at work—like the approach of the millennium (when everything gets weirder), and the fact that this past year marked the fortieth anniversary of the sighting that gave "flying saucers" their name, and started us lurching into the modern saucer era.

That auspicious occasion came on the afternoon of June 24, 1947, when businessguy Kenneth Arnold was flying himself across the Cascade Mountains in Washington state and saw an intelligently directed formation of nine bright metallic objects zipping through the clouds "like saucers being skipped across water." This was by no means the first time stuff like this was seen—reports date back well into biblical pre-history but it was a well-publicized sighting by a reliable witness, who not only observed the things but speed-timed 'em as well, and then wrapped the whole package up nicely by providing everyone with a snappy name to hang on 'em. What more could you ask for, eh?

Little did anyone know, however, that mere lights in the sky were only the beginning. In the four decades since, we've had contactees and abductees, space brothers and monsters from the id, messiahs and messengers of deception, visionary rumors and delusional schizophrenia, wholeness and oneness, cults and cranks, angry authority figures and uninvolved over-evolved non-physical energy blobs, men in black and dames in nothing at all, government cover-up and secrets of the universe revealed... in short, every damn thing you could possibly conceive of. As lotsa guys before me have pointed out, it really doesn't matter squat anymore whether UFOs are real or not (though at this point, only a fool—or a paranoid government bureaucracy—could deny that something's going on), because the things have already quite obviously exerted strong influence on our reality-sphere, and taken an ineradicable position in the modern folkloric pantheon. So, whatever the buggers might be (pick your fave from the scenario supermarket), they've provided us with a shimmering blank screen onto which our collective unconscious has projected scenes of astonishing psychodrama. Freud meets Jung on Hollywood and Vine, you might say.

Snazziest are the dizzying array of abduction and contactee scenarios that have sprung up everywhere. Though

DISK DESK

Some of you out there might want to—between sessions of serious sky-searching—gather some down-to-Earth background info on those frisbees from afar. The following opinionated survey of information sources might help:

LIGHT YEARS, by Gary Kinder (*Morgan Entrikin/Atlantic Monthly Press*): This odd, sad story of contactee/burnout Billy Meier is also my fave of the current batch. Very much a non-standard saucer book, because journalist Kinder keeps his opinions to himself until the Epilogue (which is sometimes annoying, but ultimately gives the book an edge of credibility). Also noteworthy is its portrayal of the saucer cult in all its squalid, squabbling glory. Does leave you hanging at the end (the nature of the phenomenon it covers), but is the ideal starting point.

COMMUNION, by Whitley Strieber (*Beech Tree/Morrow*): Gave me the creeps, but not for its intended reasons. Strieber is so bloody earnest and unrelentingly stodgy about the whole thing, that you kinda want to disbelieve it just to piss 'im off. Creepiness comes from the air of remoteness and hysteria permeating the book (like a control freak threatened with emotional anarchy), and the icy core that runs up the book's spine. I just don't trust the guy, his book seems to follow a progression, from fanciful horror fiction (*WOLFEN, THE HUNGER*), to scrupulously extrapolated science fiction (*WARDAY, NATURE'S END*), to purported non-fiction, that suggests dark design and hype-mongering to my suspicious mind. To say nothing of all that dough he's sucking in. I think the guy's just hit on the best book-promotion scam ever (I mean, who'd buy a book this badly written if it were a novel?).

INTRUDERS, by Budd Hopkins (*Random House*): Moderately interesting abduction extravaganza. Hopkins, unfortunately, is no writer, so the book's a bit of a snooze (earlier *MISSING TIME*—now out-of-print—is better), and he's an overly credulous investigator, so the book's inconsequential.

THE INTERRUPTED JOURNEY, by John G. Fuller (*Deff*): The snatch-scenario bible, and source-book for nearly all of Hopkins' and Strieber's copped licks. Chilling.

THE EIGHTH TOWER, by John A. Keel (*Saturday Review Press* hardcover, *NAL/Signet* paperback): Impossible to find either incarnation of this one, but a must-read. It's a classic of gonzo-science by the second coolest writer in the paranormal universe (after Robert Anton Wilson), that posits a very elegant unified-field-theory of unexplained phenomena too logical to be true. Not only does Keel write with wit, stylistic flair and self-deprecating humanism, he also doesn't garble his science so badly that a junior-high-school kid could call him out (the level of most UFO books). Stay tuned for his *DISNEYLAND OF THE GODS* due next spring from Amok Press (P.O. Box 51, Cooper Station, New York City 10276).

COSMIC TRIGGER: THE FINAL SECRET OF THE ILLUMINATI, by Robert Anton Wilson (*Pocket*): Most germane book by the coolest etc. Covers a lot of wacky ground, but reads the UFO experience as our Stone Age brains' inability to cope with complex data input.

MESSENGERS OF DECEPTION, by Jacques Vallee (*Bantam*): Another out-of-print phantom classic, this is the darkly paranoid evil twin to Keel's *EIGHTH TOWER*. The thesis is that UFOs are (pardon me, Weldon) psychotronic devices of devious manipulative intent—mechanisms of social control perpetuated by unseen conspirators preparing us to accept a new world order. For serious twitchsters only. (Is it significant that the guy hasn't published a book since?)

FELLOWSHIP: SPIRITUAL CONTACT BETWEEN HUMANS AND OUTER SPACE BEINGS, by Brad Steiger (*Dolphin/Doubleday*, due February '88): This book is so full of shit it turns your fingers brown. Once a serious researcher, Steiger has now completely surrendered to belief—he takes at face value the mass of inane gibberish channelled from the spaceguy party-line, and passes it along without challenge. Like a joke without a punchline.

CALIFORNIA UFO: The most presentable of the saucer mags (most of 'em look like fanzines from the basements of '30s obsessive-compulsives), even though a bit bubbleheaded in its lack of critical challenge and wholesale embrace of the New Age/crystal/contactee New Wave (what'd you expect with a name like that?). Extensive address list in the back hooks you right into the nut-network, if that's your desire (seems like you're nobody in the saucer sub-cult until you've announced formation of your own serious intergalactic investigatory organization, and then attack everyone else's serious inter-etc....) Anyway, write to 1800 S. Robertson Blvd., Box 355, LA, CA 90035, or call (213) 273-9409.



**"Please be advised
to discontinue
delving into the
mysteries of the
universe."**



seeming opposites and fierce cross-town rivals, they are in essence two warped-mirror reflections of the same basic impulse to objectify the "other." The alien as receptacle for the waste of the human psyche. Key figure in the rise of the alien cult was Ray Palmer, editor of the science-fiction pulp magazine *Amazing Stories* from 1938 to 1949. Dwarfed and hunchbacked by a near-fatal car accident in his adolescence, Palmer was by all accounts a glibly intelligent individual who, like L. Ron Hubbard, was quick to recognize a good thing when he saw it. In the March, 1945 issue of *Amazing*, Palmer published a story by Richard S. Shaver called "I Remember Lemuria." A mixture of classic Blavatskian occultism and modern paranoia, the story outlined the existence of a deranged race lurking beneath the surface of the Earth ("deros"), who exerted an evil influence on humanity through beams of degenerative radiation aimed up at us. Many more "dero" stories appeared under the Shaver byline, causing *Amazing's* circulation to jump into the

stratosphere and mothership-loads of letters to pour in, demanding more of this "fiction" (Or so Palmer claimed. There has been some speculation that Palmer himself wrote both the stories and reaction letters. He admitted only to some "editorial revision.") The stuff eventually took over the magazine, and after being forced out of the editorial chair Palmer launched his own magazine, *Other Worlds* (subsequently called *Flying Saucers From Other Worlds*), which featured more Shaveresque rantings without the

pretense of fiction clouding the issue. Thus was saucer cultism born.

The Kenneth Arnold of contactees was George Adamski, who in November of 1952 met and talked with a Venusian in the Mohave Desert. The alien measured about 5'6" in height, had long white hair, gray eyes, and sported a well-tailored brown jumpsuit. While giving old George a tour of the densely populated, verdantly lush far side of the Moon, the obliging Venusian revealed that humanoid beings inhabited every planet in the Solar System. All these guys lived together in peace, a condition now threatened by the proliferation of unchecked nuclear testing on Earth. Obviously, the Terran species was the unruly brat on the block, and it was high time they grew up—before they endangered not only their own well-being but the rest of the neighborhood's as well. Whew... Dad sure was coming down hard on us, but he was right, wasn't he? (Gosh, Mr. C. leaver...) Adamski was thus transformed into a man with a mission, writing books and telling all who'd listen about the sternly

One-armed contactee Billy Meier displays the UFO landing tracks that appeared near his farm in 1930. Though the grass was scorched and stomped down, it neither died nor continued growing.
PHOTO ©1987 BY GARY KINDER AND INTERCEPT





paternal beings from the heavens. We had to wise up before it was too late.

The Adamski template of disapproving aliens warning us to shape up or ship out has become the archetypal contactee experience. Their planet of origin might change as science pushes the twilight zone of the unknown further into the void, and the sophistication of the message's language might improve, but when you get down to it, the rap is *Memorex*. Sibling rivalry from the dero evil twins has been transformed into Mom and Pop kicking our badass butts. Ouch.

But kids need and want disciplining, don't they? In 1953, UFOlogist Albert K. Bender ESP-beamed this message into space:

"Calling all occupants of interplanetary craft! Please come in peace and help us with our Earthly problems. Give us some sign that you have received our message. Be responsible for creating a miracle here on our planet to wake up the ignorant ones to reality. Let us hear from you. We are your friends."

"There are thousands receiving messages from extraterrestrial intelligences."

By return telepathy, accompanied by flashing lights and malodorous fumes, came:

"We have been watching you and your activities. Please be advised to discontinue delving into the mysteries of the universe. We will make an appearance if you disobey."

Ouch indeed, and just wait 'til your father gets home.

Less psychologically resonant, and a bit spookier, is the abductee scenario, in which typically a victim is snatched from anywhere (car, bed, backyard, apartment building stairway, etc.), spirited up into a UFO, dispassionately examined, and then dumped back on Earth, usually with a sloppy memory-wipe to cover over the incident. The archetype for this experience is the 1961 Betty and Barney Hill case, recounted in



John G. Fuller's *The Interrupted Journey* (skillfully brought to the tube as *The UFO Incident*, with James Earl Jones and Estelle Parsons as the snatchees). Strieber's *Communion* account is pretty much a rerun of the Hills'—in fact, he disingenuously states on the back cover of *Journey's* latest edition "I only wish that I had read this before I had the encounters that lead to *Communion*. Perhaps then I wouldn't have been so surprised." Yup.

In a methodology reminiscent of the therapeutic regurgitation of childhood trauma, thinly masked abduction experiences are recovered through hypnotic regression of strangely anxious upset patients. Usually, the subjects have no idea what in hell's bothering them, and at best recall a UFO sighting that they don't necessarily connect with their distress. Under hypnosis, the veils fall away, and they recount a terrifying series of events—vagina probes, needles up their noses, chunks of skin sliced off—what one woman described as feeling like a "lab rat." And frequently, these examinations appear to reoccur, as

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THIS STORY...

NO, I was not abducted by aliens (and not from lack of wanting, either). It was something much more mundane, and more intertwined with the baseness typical of this mortal coil than with any high-minded notion of cosmic consciousness. In the course of researching this story, I made arrangements to attend the 18th annual MUFON (Mutual UFO Network) International Symposium on Unidentified Aerial Phenomena, held this past June 26-28 at American University in Washington, D.C. The week before the conference I phoned the published information number and told the guy at the other end who I was, what mag I was doing the story for, and asked whether there'd be any difficulty in obtaining press credentials. No problem, the clown told me, and thus reassured I Amtrakked my way to our nation's capital for the weekend.

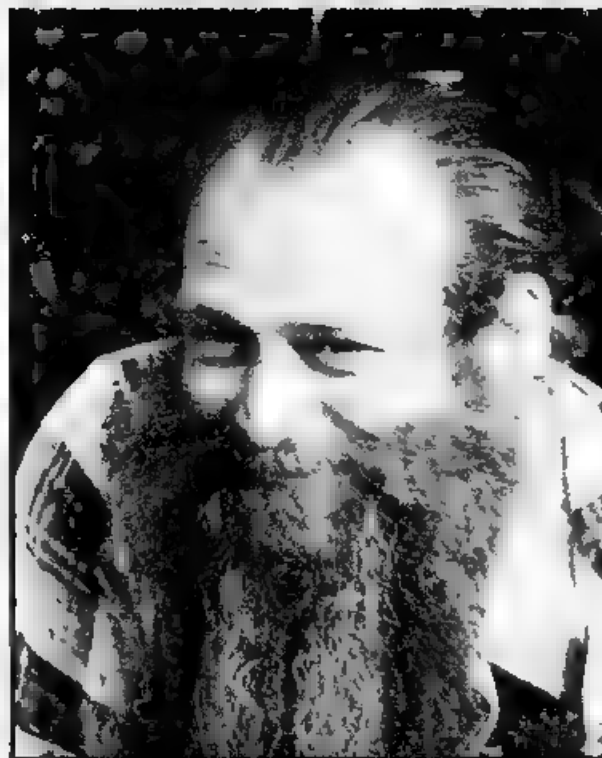
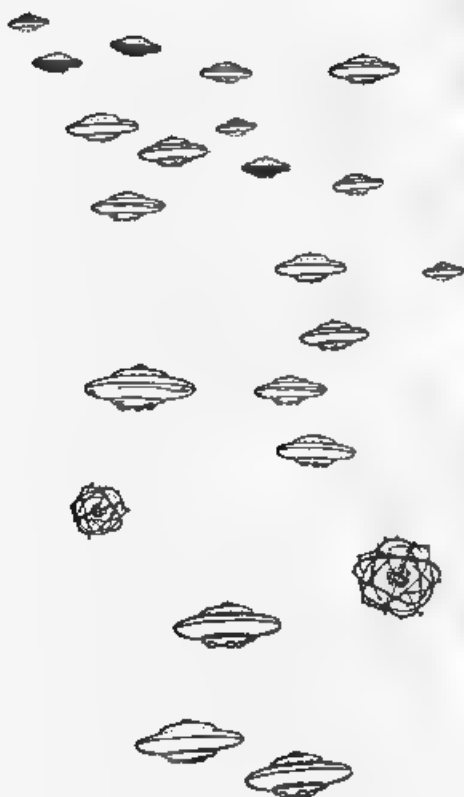
As I was to discover (the hard way), MUFON represents the serious, self-important, tight-assed end of the UFO culture. These guys are desperate for the legitimacy given by the mainstream news media to other scientific investigators (which is what they consider themselves), and would sell their

grandmothers to the Arcturians to be considered equals by the scientific community. Dream on—the scientific establishment would sooner embrace Kreskin than accept a typical alien visitation scenario. But hope springs eternal, as they say, and these gooks figure if they steadfastly maintain the rigid pose of respectability (and sneer at the lunatic fringes of the UFO-cult, hoping they'll go away) that affirmation will eventually come their way.

So, threading my way through the brush-cut, string-tied, pocket-protected crowd thronging the tiny basement area of the conference, I encountered the MUFON press liaison, who scowled darkly when I told him who I was. "HIGH TIMES," he says with a distasteful curl of his lip. "You mean that drug magazine?" Utp. I felt like I'd just been fingered as a child molester. I told him I was a legitimate journalist assigned to do a legitimate story, and whatever feelings I or he had about some perceived policy of this magazine was immaterial. No go. He shook his head emphatically and said, hitching up his baggy double-knits, "You guys advocate drug use among

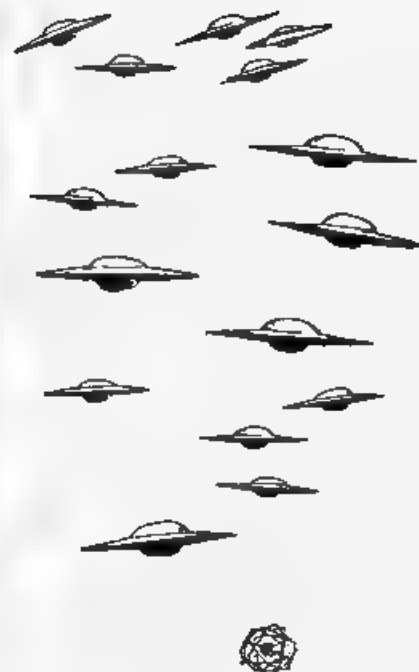
the young, you're not legitimate press." Well, personally I don't advocate "drug use among the young," but that's not really the point, is it? "No way am I giving you press credentials, after all the damage you've done." I was flabbergasted. Now I'm liable for damages? I didn't know whether to feel fury or hilarity.

Any way, the point of this is not to whine about some petty officiousness, but to recognize the subtle shift in social status that's occurred here. For years, HIGH TIMES was one of the only national media outlets for serious UFOlogical studies (see the numerous articles by respected researcher John A. Keel printed here throughout 1980-81), but now in their quest for mainstream acceptance (and guest shots on *Nightline*) these inferiority-warped schmucks have decided that HIGH TIMES is beneath them. Like any nervous social-climber, they have to be careful who they're seen with, and thanks to the Reagan era's anti-drug hysteria-mongering, those who "advocate" drug use are now several castes lower than UFO-nuts. How pathetic. Wise up, MUFON—we're all boxes on this bus. —LS



Billy Meier — dupe, hoaxer, or contactee?

PHOTO ©1987 BY GARY KINDER AND INTERCEPT



though like animals in the wild each subject has been tagged and watched over the years by a business like bunch of lab ass stunts. Streiber uncovered his experiences with the help of Budd Hopkins, an abstract painter who's become something of an abductee handler-hobbyist. His books *Missing Time* and *Intruders* tell of the hundreds of cases he's worked on in which an alarming number of details reoccur, without any of the victims having any possible way of communicating these details to each other. Creepy stuff, especially as the aliens don't seem to give much of a shit for us lowly Terran beastie boys. Getting a spanking is one thing, but being ignored is far worse. They don't even care enough about us to get angry, let alone give advice on how we can enter the outer space community. For this bunch we exist only as biological curiosities to be studied—and also occasionally to provide strapping, virile semen, if some reports of intergalactic succubi are to be believed (anem).

Bewildering as all these scenarios might seem, they may not be contradictory. If guys like Billy Meier, the contactee subject of Gary Kinder's *Light Years*, are listened to, then the Earth is veritably overrun with alien tourists. According to Meier, we're the subject of constant occupation by at least eight alien races, each with their own distinct appearances, technologies, and agendas. Thousands of their ships are

swarming this humble little mudball, and there's even a good chance that the clown reading this over your shoulder on the subway is not of this Earth! Meier's contact is a dame named Semjase from the Pleiades, a star cluster that figures prominently in many early-religion creation myths. His story begins with an Adamski-like physical meeting, bringing with it a slew of mind-blowing snapshots of Pleiadean "beamships," and then progresses to channel-like telepathic communication—the most common form of human-to-alien intercourse reported these days. Few contactees actually sit around and chat with the Space Bro's any more, more often (in classic medium/prophet/occultist/schizophrenic mode) the Word is delivered direct to their cerebral fax machines, and then transcribed into sloppy, imprecise Earth-tongues for dissemination on to the faithful. There are thousands of contactees out there receiving messages from one extraterrestrial intelligence or another (usually with their own funny name and goofily-spelled home-world) but the message is still pretty much a constant. This same jive that we've been getting from the Space Brothers since Adamski also seems to be emanating from the mouths of channels who claim contact with three-thousand-year-old Earthly wisdom (Ramtha and all those characters)—which basically comes down to the "grow up, clean your room,

behave yourself, and then maybe you can join us at the family dinner table" scenario.

WHAT this whole confusing (but entertaining) mess means is that UFOs, complete with optional spiritual accessory package, have entered into our sadly depressed belief systems. They've taken up the role of transformational trigger for those who've found other means (drugs, sex, chanting, organized deity worship, etc.) unsatisfactory and still long for the express train to godhead. Much like other religions have done in the past, the UFO mythology has wedged itself between a dissatisfied constituency and the outmoded religious establishment (Pope who?), filling the yearning chasm by cobbling together bits of the old stew with vital new spare parts from the black market. It's an old process, this spontaneous regeneration of messianic fervor—Christianity went through a similar period of turmoil for its first few hundred years of existence, with competing dogmas duking it out for the championship belt. The Christian Bible as we know it now is a synthesis of gospels (some of the suppressed writings are pretty amazingly heretical, when taken in the context of current orthodoxy), while our extraterrestrial god-boys haven't even come to the negotiating table yet. Check back with me in a few thousand years and I'll tell you what happened.

CARNIVAL OF SOULS

THE HARMONIC CONVERGENCE

AT EL TULÉ TREE



HUNAB KU AND PACALVOTAN, reprinted from THE MAYAN FACTOR, by José Argüelles. ©1987, Bear & Company.

BY PETER GORMAN

Oaxaca, Mexico, doorway to another world, is the center of Indian activity in all of Mexico. Not far to the south lies the Pacific; to the west, Mexico City; and to the east, Chiappas and the Yucatan, ancient Mayan and Aztec centers.

For the Indians who live in the mountains surrounding the city, Oaxaca is the hub of commercial trade: Huge markets are filled with extraordinary weavings, stone work, ceramics, and masks. In Oaxaca, Spanish precision has been overrun by native abandon. There are palpable undercurrents here: Indian secrets discussed in foreign languages, candlelight processions mixing Christian saints with mushroom deities. For me it's a magical place, one that's difficult to get a handle on.

With that in mind, it wasn't strange to find myself headed there for the Harmonic Convergence last August 16 and 17. I hadn't a handle on that either.



MONTE ALBAN, HIGHLAND CENTER OF THE MAYA

Some months before those dates I'd first heard an odd word here or there about the Harmonic Convergence. Supposedly, fantastic, astronomical configurations would occur, making this a time of profound significance for the future of the Earth. There was something about aliens landing, and a galactic beam—swung from the place where all isness and being began—which sounded like a giant baseball bat about to knock us off our axis. A stranger on the street handed me a flyer that advised me to pick a sacred spot and lie down for two weeks to assure that the Earth wasn't immediately destroyed. Someone else sang of Krishna's birthday and the Second Coming of Christ, and how it was all predicted by Nostradamus. Everywhere I looked people began clutching crystals and talking of being suddenly Virgin

Mary. Don Juan'd to other planes of existence, and those two days in August were when it was going to happen.

But what was going to happen? The bits of information were cluttered, cumbersome and often contradictory. We were either headed into Armageddon or world harmony, depending on who you talked to. The only thing clear was that SOMETHING was going on SOMEWHERE on those dates, and the concept grabbed a lot of people by the throat.

New Agers—the Amalgamated Belief Systems Spiritualists, Inc.—were the ones primarily carrying the message. But what was the message and why was so much of it making its way to my door?

The first real information came from the *Global Family Newsletter*, a special double issue devoted to the



LARRY LAVALLE

convergence. Of the several articles covering the event, two stood out: one, by a woman named Karen Kos, suggested that the August dates coincided with a number of ancient prophecies. She wrote that the ancient Mayan and Aztec calendars, as well as Hopi and Lakota Sioux prophecies, spoke of these days as being a time when "Earth's old military-industrial age will give way to a new, spiritually enlightened one." She also wrote that the Aztec god Quetzalcoatl would release millions of spirits from the fantastic *Abuehuete* or *Sabino* tree outside of Oaxaca to aid in this enlightenment. The Convergence, she said, could be seen as a "trigger for a collective shift in the human mental condition."

Lending credence to the dates, the newsletter carried a small blurb from José Argüelles—a man who has been

researching the Mayan calendar for years—in which he marked these days as "turning points in the evolution of the Earth," and suggested that readers celebrate the splendor of nature on these days, aware that millions of others all over the Earth would be doing the same thing. Sort of a conscious effort at harmony on the planet.

The Argüelles name lent direction to what I'd been hearing. Though he's a zealot, and therefore subject to the closed mind of the true believer, he is also a respected author and painter, a damned good researcher and a seeker. I learned that he'd recently published a book about the ancient calendar *The Mayan Factor*, and picked up a copy.

Whereas archaeologists have traditionally admired the Mayan calendar as a time-recording device, Argüelles views



it as a mathematical tool for charting celestial resonance—a sort of code for contact with the energy and life force of the universe. He begins with the premise that all life has a single galactic core, that the life-force radiates from that core in waves through the suns to their planets. Those waves are cyclical, the calendar charts those cycles. These resonant waves of life-force affect not only the physical side of life here on the Earth (and everywhere) but the mental, emotional and spiritual climate as well.

According to his calculations of the Mayan mathematics, August 16th marked the last day of a 5,100 year cycle of material and technological progress here on Earth. The 17th marked the first day in a 25-year period or cycle of transformation. December 4, 2012 marks the beginning of a cycle of cosmic consciousness, of harmony not only on Earth, but intergalactically as well.

The trick, as he sees it, is getting through the 25-year cycle. During this time Arguelles interprets the Mayan calendar as suggesting that we, the Earth, are going to go through a change in preparation for the coming period of harmony. He suggests that we will see worldwide economic collapse, a new social structure on Earth, Armageddon and alien contact. He calls it a purge, a period of purification of the Earth in readying our collective selves for harmonic consciousness.

So the August dates represented an end of the old period, a beginning of the new, the celebrations of the splendor of the Earth were meant to kick off this purification period. I'm simplifying and leaving out the concept that the original Mayans were aliens, but that's the gist of Arguelles' theory.

It's an intriguing thought—that all life is connected via resonant strands of energy, that there is a core from which it begins and to which it returns. It also makes the hard parts of living more bearable. In the past, the organized religions filled the role of explaining life, but with so many of us seeing their limitations, we have an enormous void to fill and the holistic approach can bridge the gaps. Personally, I think you only have to take acid or peyote or mushrooms once to realize that there is life-essence in everything, that it is all connected, that walls really DO breathe, and that there are many levels to reality. But then, who am I? I'm just a guy sitting on the bottom of the evolutionary ladder hoping somebody has some of the answers and is trying to get through.

Lots of people must feel that way. By July the grass-roots movement toward the Harmonic Convergence had picked up so much steam that the major media began paying attention. *The Wall Street Journal* made first mention, but they were quickly followed by Reuters News Service, and after that everyone fell in line. "Doonesbury" ran several strips poking gentle fun at the idea of lost souls looking for answers, *Newsweek* ran a two-page spread slamming the upcoming event but lending it great publicity. Radio news broadcasts began announcing sites around the world where people would gather to try to harmonize with the universe on those dates, television stations had daily interviews with Arguelles and other leaders of the New Age movement—all of which was

turning the event into an event, THE event of the summer of 1987.

Me? I was curious, intrigued, interested. A confirmed skeptic with a taste for understanding. And I do love Oaxaca.

I didn't know what to expect there. I had fears of being sucked into a vortex of phony religious and semi-spiritual trash, tourism deluxe, and a stampede on the tiny village of El Tule, just ten minutes from the *zocolo*, the square, in Oaxaca. I've never been good at holding hands and humming with strangers, and it wasn't inconceivable that that's what was going to go on there. My hopes, on the other hand, were that somebody who was in the know would be there, and that they'd share a little knowledge with me. I'm not above a little personal reality shaking when I get the chance.

I arrived on Thursday, three days before the end of the old cycle. I've never been in Oaxaca this time of year before, when rains have transformed the *zocolo* into a rain forest of thick green leaves and insect life. I'd had a sleepless layover in Mexico City; my photographer, old friend Larry Lavalé, had been bumped from the morning flight, and I found myself alone in Oaxaca waiting for a cup of coffee. Then I got thrashed by the rain. My convergence quota of harmony was already slipping. I spent the day searching for others who had come for the harmonic and found a burn-out from the legion of space cadets, who tried to explain how important negativity was, and that with any luck the death of us all would be slow and painful. Past-life sins were to blame, and women. I excused myself before he went any further and hoped that meeting him wasn't the start of a trend.

By evening, I was waiting for coffee and still not seeing any signs of harmonic life when Lavalé cruised in. He had two young Mexican men in tow who looked a little burned out, but turned out to be the perfect antidote to convergence depression. They were here for the event though they didn't know if they would stay until the official days. Their slant was that the Earth needed a sign of appreciation from its inhabitants, and they had come to appreciate. "We're not really into holding hands, you know? You can never tell when the last time people washed them was. But we had to come. It was only a thousand miles out of our way by second class train. We have to help a little."

Their mood was contagiously good-natured and good-willed. No pretense, no affiliations, just a kind of radiating joy and laughter, and sometime during dinner I began to sense that perhaps what the media had made of the event was not what people had made of it. If 20 others like these arrived, I'd have no doubt the world could be transformed. It wasn't what they said so much, or even the funny way they had of saying it. It was more their intent. Like a cool breeze taking the edge off.

The following morning people began to arrive. The cafes around the *zocolo* filled up with an assortment of California flakes and East Coast beats, aging hippies and new wave punks. Few people mingled. Most avoided the topic of the convergence, and when questioned admitted they felt drawn to this spot for a private celebration. Not what I'd imagined would happen at all.

By evening the social scene hadn't begun to happen. In the band shell in the center of the square, a military band with gleaming French horns played Sousa marches to the accompaniment of continuous rain. Locals moved from cafe to cafe hawking flowers and small carvings, and the chocolate smell of the Oaxacan mole filled the air. At a table in a nearby cafe, a small congregation had formed. They were animated and loud enough for an occasional buzzword to reach us. Among them were a couple of young professor types, a big North American Indian and some pretty young girls.

Before we had a chance to join them, one of the girls walked over to Larry and me and smiled.

"Are you Harmonics?"

I felt like a note on a scale.

"If you are, we're having a meeting at the Hotel Ruiz at eight."

She ran off into the rain before either of us could answer.

"That's the story. Let's go."

With the exception of Larry and myself, the crowd seemed to be the same as we'd seen at the cafe. Someone lit sage bundles and washed us all with sweet smoke. Talk centered around New Age beliefs: the need for the Earth to transform itself, the concept of universal rhythms. No one seemed to have any more solid plans for a convergence event than we did. There was something good about that: about a crowd not too sure of itself.

The woman who'd lit the sage began to press the American Indian to talk. He seemed reluctant, but acquiesced. "You're all here for a big event, like a convergence, like that, there. That's good, but I don't think it's gonna be what you might think." His name was Bill Baker and he was a priest with the Native American Church. "I think I have to tell you, you've stumbled onto something which doesn't really concern you. I don't mean to offend, but this convergence deals with the native peoples of North and South America. You people have just a part of the story. But you're here, and it's always good to celebrate the Earth, and you're all witnesses. I'm not much of a talker, but someone will be here who is, and he's the one who can explain it better than me."

He didn't say much more. It was the oddest little speech. What did he mean—who else was coming, and was he just full of shit? It should have read that way, but somehow it didn't.

The sun finally burned away the clouds the next morning. It was the morning before the last day of the old cycle and according to what Arguelles had said, we were nearing a crescendo of sorts. By now there were perhaps 200 people around town who looked to be here for the event. Larry and I made our way to El Tulé for our first look at the tree. From a distance we could see the tops of its towering branches above the village church. It was a fantastic sight, inspiring and awesome. More than 150 feet high and 100 feet around its base, the tree was deeply etched with burls so old they looked like the faces of ancient beings.

The tree was within the walls of the local church grounds and protected by a fence. Tourists and locals filled the grounds. From somewhere, an odd group of instruments began to play a strange melody. Outside of the walls a

carnival was being set up: kiddie rides, games of chance, and booths for the sale of weavings. A man in Hindu white began to hum loudly. A procession of little girls in white made their way from the church, followed by the strange band—eight players, obviously self-taught, playing occasionally overlapping but essentially different music which was nonetheless wonderful. Old brass instruments were playing against the peal of the church bells, the Hindu's *om* and the clatter of the carnival being set up. From high in the tree, the songs of hundreds of birds occasionally filtered through the noise.

That evening, back in Oaxaca, I spoke with Bill. He was alone at a table in a cafe, and just as I was about to approach him, he asked me to translate something to the waiter for him. Then he asked me to join him.

"What about this thing so far?" I asked.

"Which aspect?"

I was silent. How should I know? I was one of the curious, not one of those with answers.

We sat in silence for some time before he spoke. "You better stick near me for the next couple of days. You might see something." He laughed. "Of course, you might not."

The next day Larry and I waited for him out by the tree. The carnival atmosphere had grown to a fever pitch. The church grounds were filled with independent priests and would-be gurus, space cadets, yogis, aura readers, crystal clutcheders, rock givers and vibration healers. The locals were celebrating the Catholic feast of the Assumption, complete with homemade fireworks and dancing. The carnival had brought hundreds of people from nearby towns and the crazy band played the same song over and over. And in the center of the frenzy, the tree—shining, lighter than air.

Bill walked around quietly most of the day, spurning the attentions of people. "You know people, they want to think you know something. They make you too important. I'm not important." He paused. "You know, we eat peyote. They say if you eat 500 buttons at once, then you know something. I've never had 500. I've had a 100 though. I know a little something."

He spoke to us about the prophecies. Before the world could be in harmony with the galaxy, it had to be in harmony with itself. The job of the last cycle was to connect East and West. This new cycle, the short cycle, was to connect North and South. "But that depends on the Native American People. That's our job. But we aren't doing it. We need to rivet our attention."

"How's that?"

"There's going to be a killing. We're going to kill someone."

"Metaphysical?"

"Physical. Someone who's alive now. Not many of us know who it is. But he's gonna be a teacher and he's gonna be killed and the regret over that death is going to rivet us."

I pressed him but he didn't want to explain further. I didn't know whether to believe him or not. As to explaining more about the coming change, he said that his friend, who would arrive shortly, could do that better than he could. In the meantime, he said, I should meet someone.

continued on page 74



HT: Hi, Mr. Argüelles?

JOSÉ Yes.

This is Peter Gorman, from HIGH TIMES.

HIGH TIMES? Am I thinking of the right magazine? The pro-marijuana magazine?

Yes.

Okay, got it. No problem.

I went down to El Tule and spent a week there... I missed most of the media show here, and I've just begun collecting material about what happened.

It was wild. About ten days before the convergence, my wife and I had gone up to the mountains for a couple of days—it was starting to get pretty wild, so we just had to take a breather. We had *Newsweek* and *Time Magazine* and *People Magazine*, and CBS and CNN, ABC—all coming through our house. I was doing about five or six interviews a day: television, radio and newspaper.

What was interesting was that the whole Harmonic Convergence had gone out without any central coordination, no publicity or promotion, no money, no nothing. There were a few volunteer organizations here and there who were xeroxing stuff and taping the New Age networks, and then it just went, bam! So it was really grassroots. It was a real education to talk for 45 minutes to someone from *Newsweek* and see what they would do. It's interesting that the media gave it this total coverage, because it raised the question of who's conquering whom around here. It might seem that the media's saying, "Here's a return to hippies, with people going out and holding hands and humming," and they're trying to put it down—but at the same time, by August 16, 17 and 18, there's not one paper that's not covering it, not one TV show.

Unfortunately, that's not quite as glamorous as it sounds. Once it hits two key markets, everybody has to cover it.

I'm not saying it's particularly glamorous. Whether they're putting it down or satirizing it like "Doonesbury" or *Newsweek*, still everyone goes out there and everyone has this imprint: Harmonic Convergence, and in that regard the media actually served the purpose.

At El Tule every faith healer, aura reader, and rock giver also showed up. A carnival atmosphere makes things fun, and I think the intention was real good. I mean the intent was palpable down there. I'm curious that you are saying you were surprised about the media attention before it happened, but it's been over a couple of weeks



now. Do you have retrospective feelings? How do you feel the event went?

People feel they're in a new condition of alertness and are beginning to look at how to continue to implement the meaning of Harmonic Convergence. And the way that meaning is being understood is that it was a time when thousands, if not millions, of people around the planet returned to the Earth. And how do we return to the Earth, how do we keep it going? People had a sacred experience, and how do you handle a sacred experience in relation to the Earth with other people at this time? So I think this has set a new goal or a new vision which is going to start mobilizing these people in a particular way, and along with that there's a very strong perception that the old order won't work anymore—I think there was a real dividing line that came down with the convergence that says the old order is out of control; it's gone, it won't work anymore. So we've got to see how we can implement just getting back to the Earth with the sacred experience of the Earth.

Okay, practically speaking... and I don't mean to be antagonistic, but I feel like I've got to ask...

Okay.

...for argument's sake. Ten million people were consciously involved to one degree or another in the event... of those, only ten thousand, or one thousand, are going to be concerned with it inside of three months. So practically speaking, these people are not going to change anything. According to Diez Porta and Bill Baker, the event itself doesn't matter. The event is fun because it's fun to celebrate, but that—Diez Porta used the phrase, "it's rain, you're going to get wet regardless"—which is to me, the thrilling aspect of it.

Changes in mental climate do take place. The way we think now is different than the way

we thought in the 1950s. As the months go by and we get to next year, we see that there really has been a shift in the mental climate that has occurred, and the Harmonic Convergence was the watershed to that. It's the first significant shift since the 1960s.

You know, someplace this sucker's gonna blow! There's no doubt about that. And I think that people who participated in this thing got that feeling real strong, and that's why participation was so important. And maybe three months down the road only a thousand of those ten million people are going to be active, but from that action will stem another wave, and as things move along, the Harmonic Convergence will be seen as the ping to break the stalemate. People know which side they're going to be standing on. **How does this affect you? Suddenly you've got a book that's not just selling, but selling quite well. You became the media darling and that's a sinful position to be in. It eats almost everybody.**

I've been acutely aware of all this, and in some ways I think I was quite prepared when all this happened. I'm an artist and any artist knows in their heart that they're gonna do the thing that's gonna put the world on its ear. Okay, and I'm old enough and seasoned enough to have gone through lots of different changes, seen lots of different things. So as much as I was surprised, I was prepared for it.

I started the Whole Earth Festival in California in 1970, kicked that off, then just let it go on its own. I feel the same way about this. As far as I'm concerned the next big thing is gonna be what I call the Landing Party.

The Landing Party, when we land, when the ship of the old has finally sunk and the lifeboats have landed on the shores of the new—and that will be '92-'93—then we have a landing party. I think the Landing Party might also have to do with our first official visitation from outer space.

Do you expect that to be physical? The ship of the old sunk? How physical?

Yeah, we're talking total economic chaos by '98 and by 1991 the very strong perception of a new type of social-political structure, a planetary social-political structure emerging to deal with things. And by 1993 the complete emergence of a new planetary-social-political order.

Over the next five years what we're going to be experiencing is what Europe experienced over a hundred years, say fifteen hundred to sixteen hundred (the Renaissance). The world will be experiencing that in a five-year period.

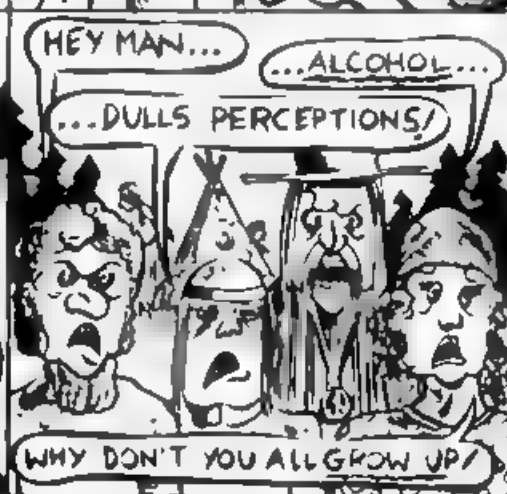
That's frightening...

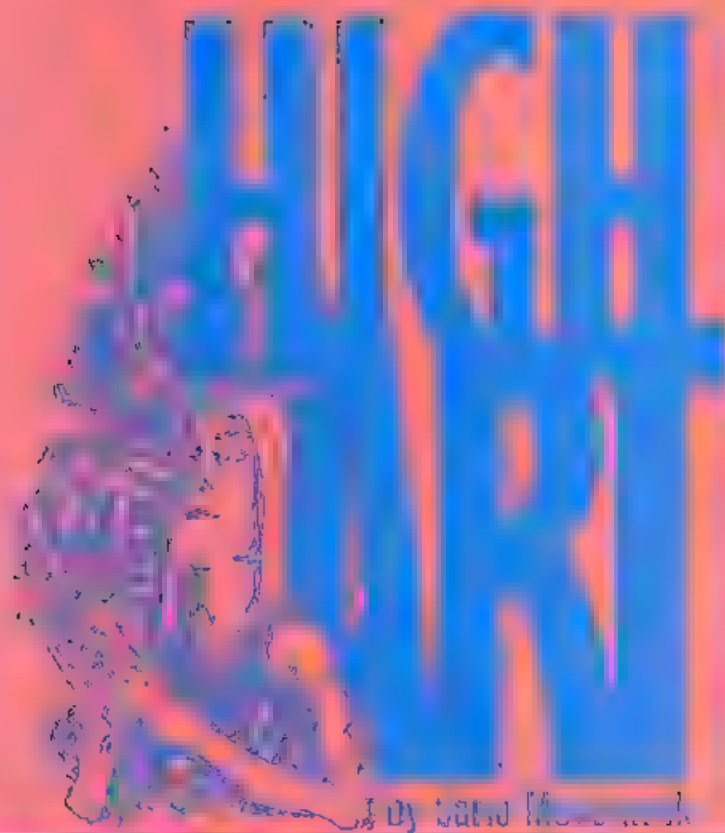
Frightening but inevitable. ●

Li'l Miscreant EXPERIENCES

WOODSHOCK

by Flicke Fox





JANIS JOPLIN by Herb Greene,
b/w photo, 20" x 24", 1967.



GALACTIC WARRIORS
by Mark Mothersbaugh, seriograph, 30" x 44", 1986.







MY BAD TRIP
by Paul Mavrides, oil, 23" x 27", 1986.



NIGHT BUS TO OAXACA
by Nick Gadbois, oil, 36" x 48", 1986.

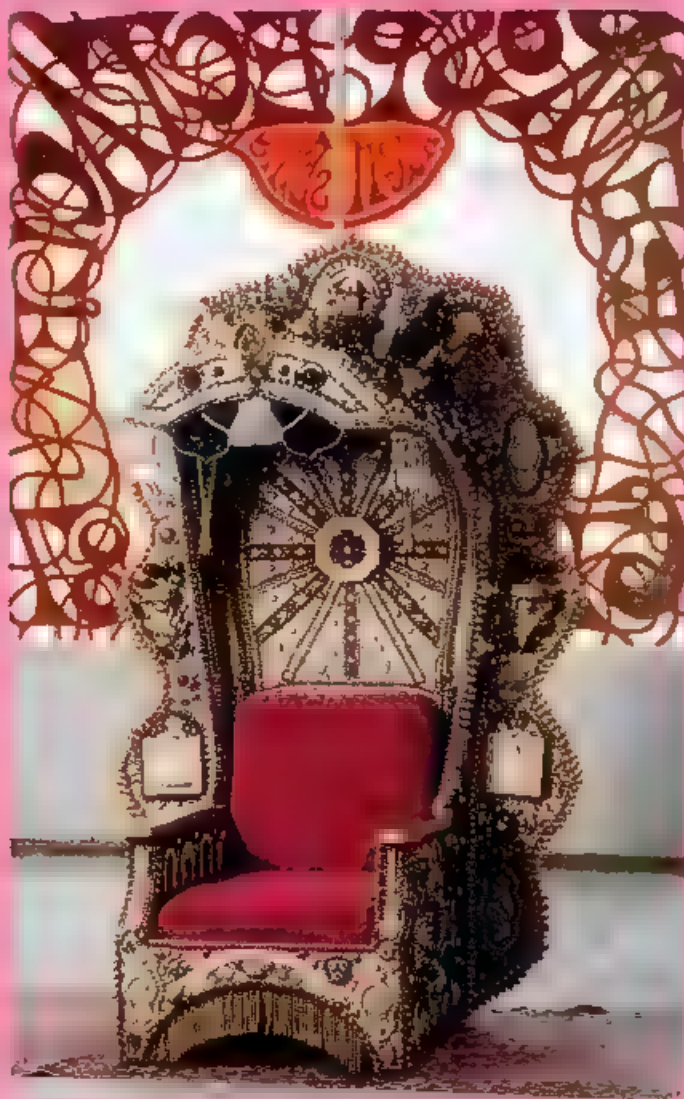


FAB MAB POSTER

by Greg Irons, ink on paper, 18" x 24", 1984.

THE CELEBRATIONS this past summer of the 20th anniversary of the Summer of Love are by now but a memory, gone like the events of the summer of '67. As we move on, entering today what many believe to be a new age spurred on by the Harmonic Convergence of last August, we are in a continuous process of unconsciously selecting those experiences, images and feelings that will remain with us. Our media has a way of quickly fossilizing the recent past into instant nostalgia. Society operates in this way with a deliberately selective memory that more than slightly censors reality. Already the anarchistic energy and anti-authoritarian wildness of the '60s — long ago coopted and castrated — are being sterilized, diluted and repackaged for the official annals of cultural history. The 20th anniversary of the Summer of Love was a mass media, pop culture fanfare coordinated with the very institutions that opposed and oppressed the great flowering of Haight-Ashbury in the first place. Is it a victory or a defeat for psychedelia that the civic government of San Francisco is now grandly entombing a subculture it once prosecuted? While we ponder what 1967 was all about, we must also try to understand where we are today in relation to those times.

The spirit and vision of the Summer of Love was never really understood in the narrow thinking of our largely uninitiated world. For the sake of taking part in the dialogue of current affairs, the creative, social and political hippie fringe often chose to temper its sound and look and enter the populist mainstream. Similarly, the festivities around this birthday of adolescent rebellion were, at heart, an attempt by many to turn on the uninitiated hordes to a particular way of seeing things. Psychedelia is a forever concept, as true and relevant today as it was in the '60s. It is part of a cosmic experience that existed in our civilization throughout time. It is a voice of the past as well as the future. This past summer San Francisco paid tribute to the golden age of psychedelia with a number of exhibitions, including "The Flame Is Its Own Reflection: The Holy Transfers of the Rebel Replevin" at the San Francisco Art Institute (the infamous blotter acid print collection featured in the July '87 issue of *HIGH TIMES*), "Retrospectacle" at the S.F. Arts Commission Gallery (a survey of psychedelic art), and "Help! I'm a Rock" at Gregory Ghent Gallery (curated by the channeled spirit of Jimi Hendrix). Here then, for our collective consideration, are images from these shows, culled from beyond nostalgia, created for posterity in the streams of eternity. ●



THE THRONE

by Louis Anderson, mixed media, 7' x 4', 1973.

We are not your enemies

*A thousand imponderable phantasm
In which reality must be given*

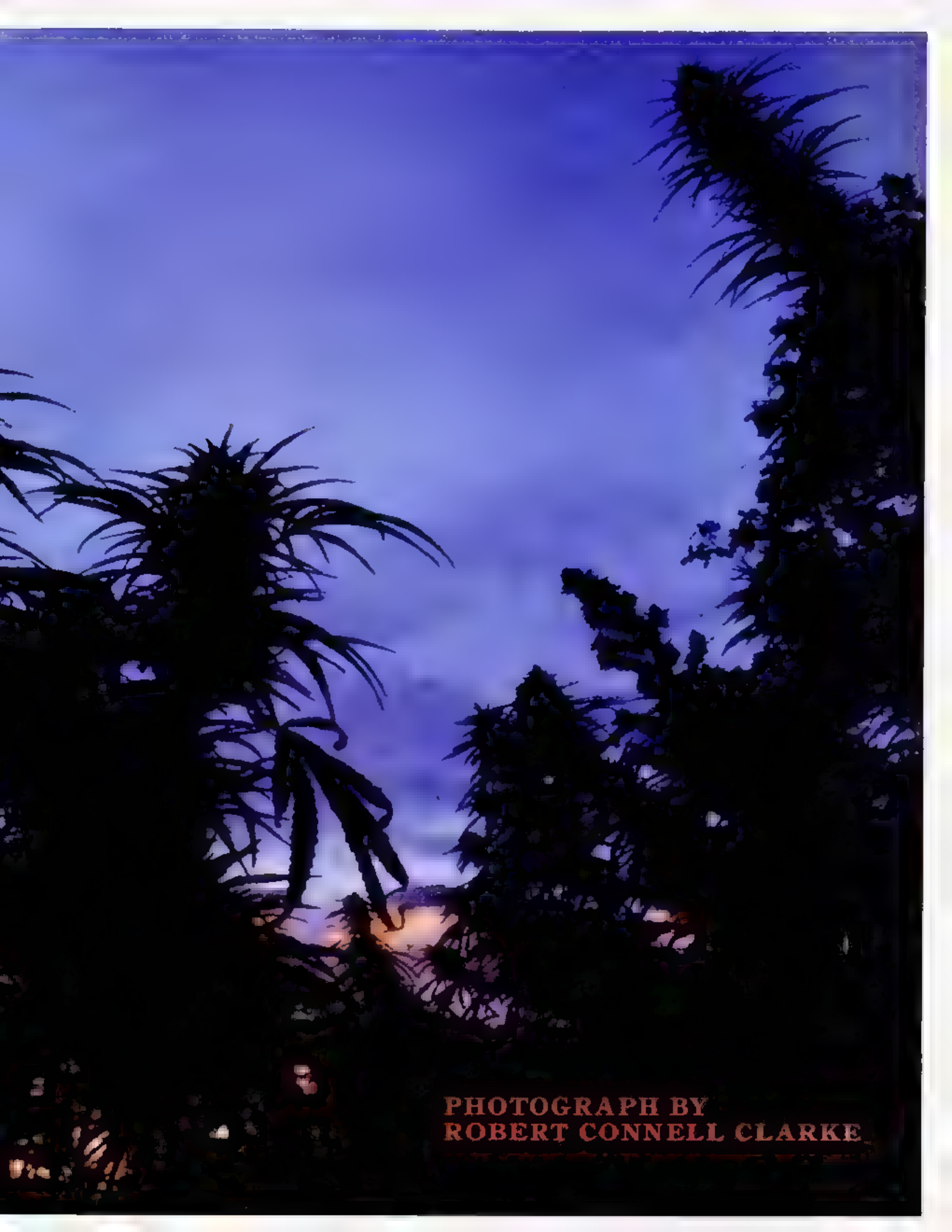
—Guillaume Apollinaire

quoted from The Banquet Years

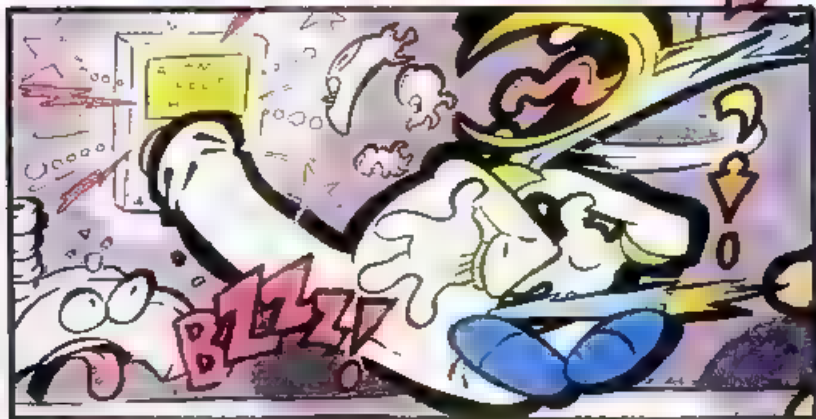
by Robert Shattuck;

Doubleday Anchor, 1961





**PHOTOGRAPH BY
ROBERT CONNELL CLARKE**

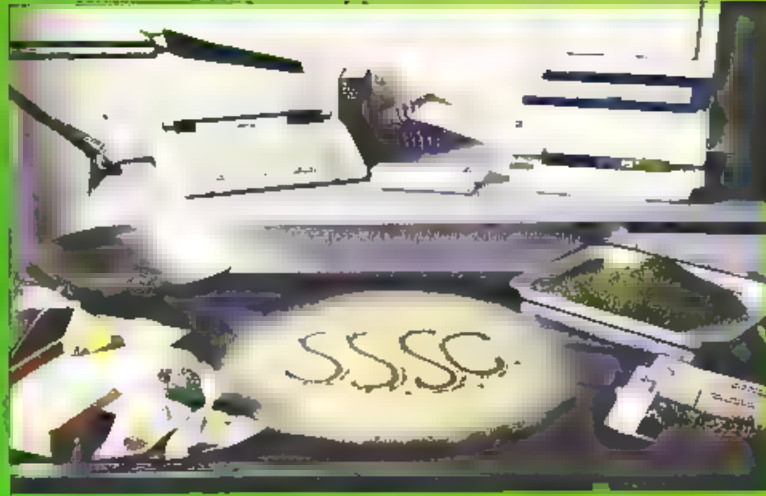


HIGH
TIMES

1988

CALENDAR





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ALEX GREY

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JEFF VAUGHAN



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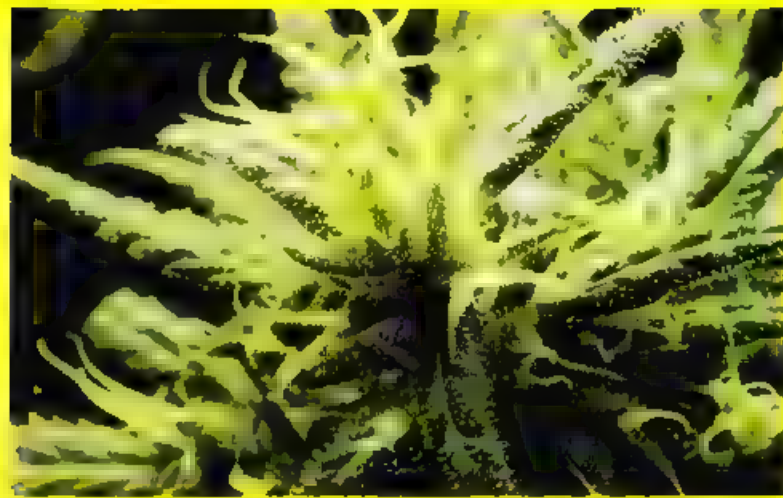
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MEL ZIMMER

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SETH ROTH



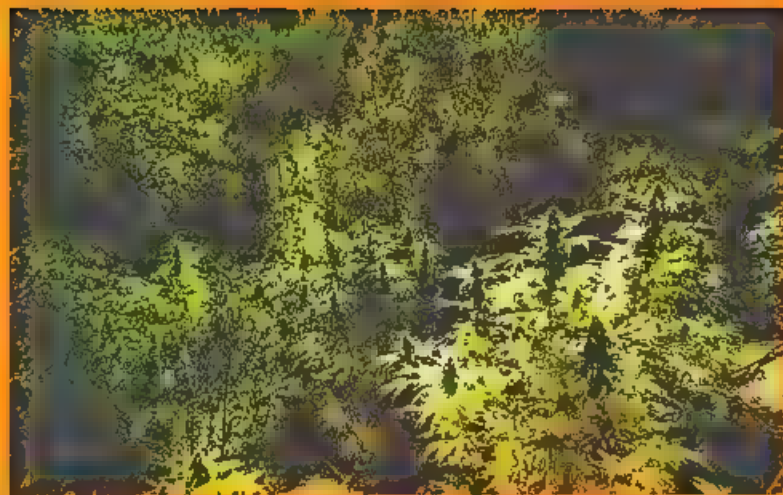
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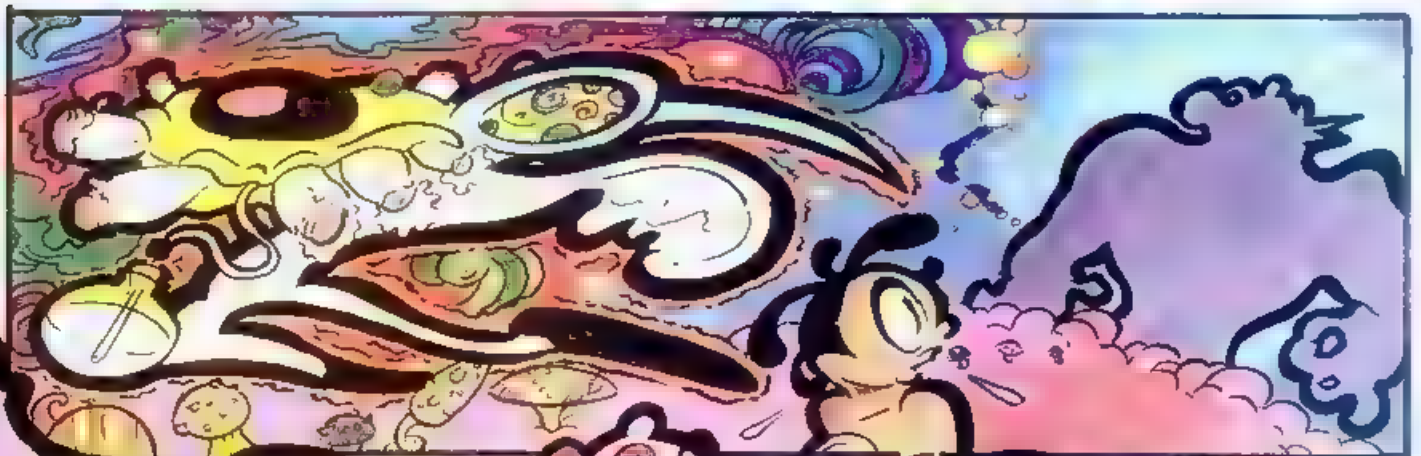
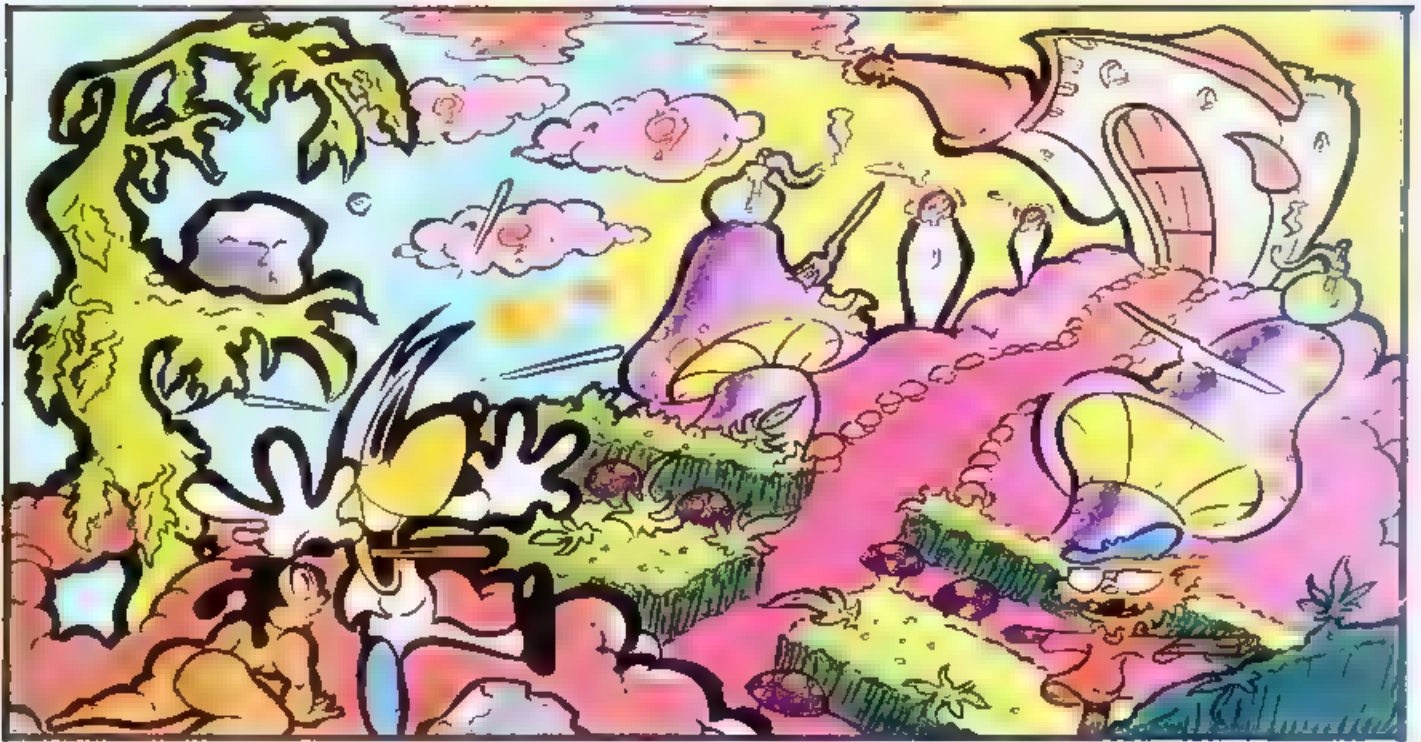
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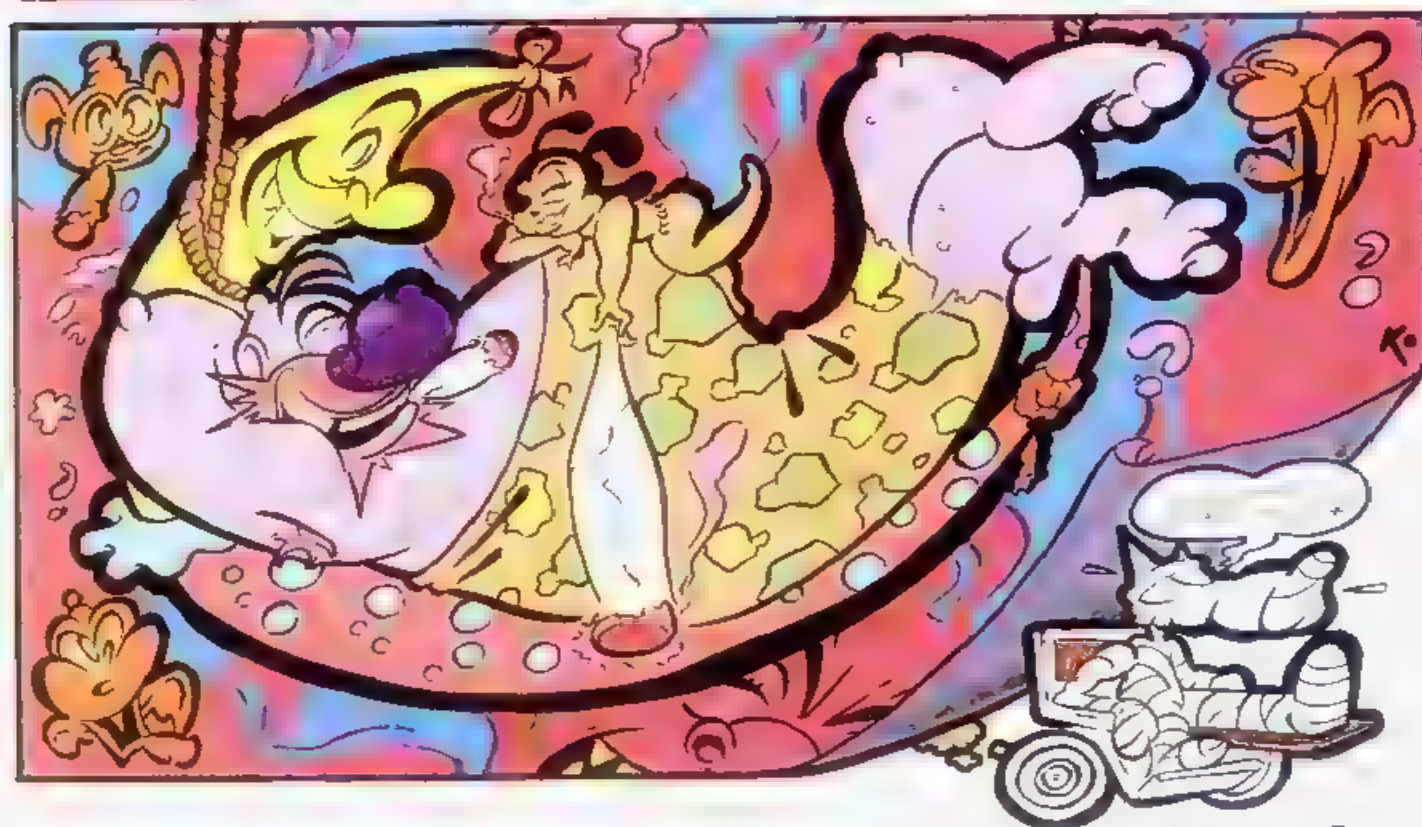
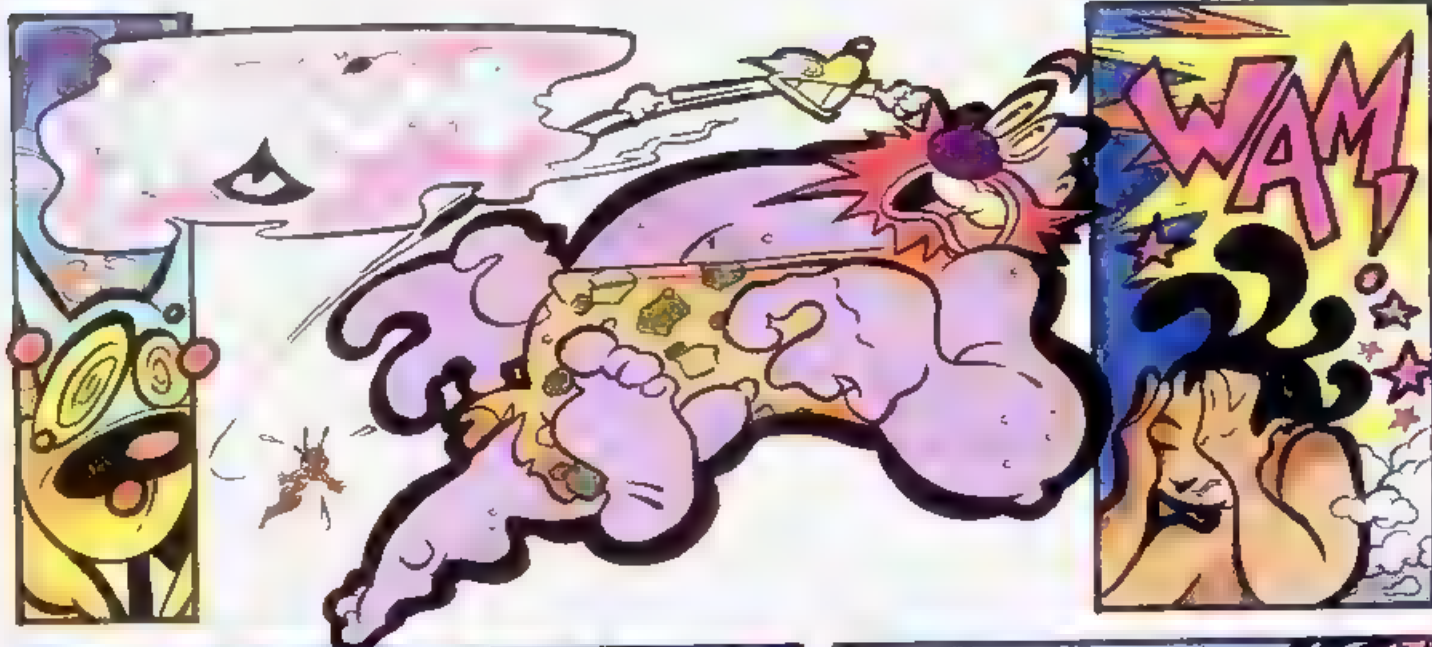
DAVID ALLEN

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JEFF VAUGHAN





XMAS IN HAWAII

by Mez Merai

On my return flight from Hawaii, I dreamed a dream that summed up my brief Xmas vacation there. We had just crossed the Rockies when I slipped into unconsciousness. There I was, lying in bed listening to the teeming, monsoonlike rain hammer rhythms on the tiny tile roof. It suddenly stopped and I poked my head out the door to see white hills of fog dotting the emerald green pool. A waterfall cut like a silver lightning bolt obliquely across its flank while a rainbow danced overhead. My friend, Mike, who I had stayed with on my visit, was standing on his large lanai decorating a Norfolk pine with painted gourds and calabashes. He took a satisfying pull on a huge pipe as he placed a fern pot on the top of the Hawaiian-flavored Tannenbaum.

The next thing I knew, we were walking among ironwoods overlooking the surf breaking on the beach below. A surfer shot out of one of the tubes and yelled "Malo Kaulidwain" to us. Next we stood on the edge of a large expanse of doarded pineapple fields with Arakola Mountain in the background. I noticed some sparkling short-season plants ready for harvest right in front of us, then four men in the woods behind us. Most of the leaves had fallen to the ground, leaving kolos the size of my arm on their stalks.

All at a sudden we were transported back to Mike's place in Kailua and he was weighing the kolos in front of his fireplace where stockings were hung with care. He called out, "66 grams, 33 grams, 95 grams," as he weighed each between palms on a cigar-sized double. "Sold!" I would yell back each time and hand Mike some gold and silver kolos.

Then I was boarding a strange aircraft that looked like a four-engine, prop-driven VW van. Mike was on the tarmac loading a chair of monks and tins of "Xmas in Hawaii." I carried four kolos wrapped in green tissue and tied with a red silk ribbon. As we took off, night fell, and I spied our Weibiki glowing more intensely than usual, decorated in its Christmas feary.

A deeply tanned, sunbleached California girl approached in swimwear carrying a beagle beard and bag. She asked if I wanted to go body surfing. Noticing the unusual baggage I had in my lap, she commented on how nice my hale bouquet smelled. I explained they were gifts.

"Wake up, sir," I was being shaken. The stewardess was brunette and in standard uniform. "Please wake up, sir. We're landing at Kennedy in a few minutes." Back to reality. "And please raise your seat to its upright position," said Barbie the stewardess.

As we landed I watched the full moon hovering over the Atlantic. A shadow slid across my face and for a moment I thought it was Santa and his reindeer, and in the distance I could hear "Malo Kaulidwain" to all and to all a good night.



CALIFORNIA BUST

By Fred Sumsa

Located between Bakersfield and Santa Maria, the mountains of the Los Padres National Forest are among the most rugged in California—a wild and inhospitable world visited by hunters, masochistic nature freaks, and a few renegade dope growers. A careless hiker in these woods can easily find his knee gouged by an unseen yucca plant, but that's nothing in comparison with the bite of the diamondback rattlesnakes that slither through the underbrush.

In 1984, David Green chose these mountains for a guerrilla pot plantation. (A friend of his had pulled it off for two years in a row, and had even worked out a convenient arrangement with a local forest ranger. In exchange for leading law enforcement officers away from the farm, the ranger received an annual fee of \$25,000 to bolster his retirement fund.)

Since a pot plantation requires considerable manpower, David recruited a crew of Mendocino Deadheads, while his brother, Jeff, gathered a group of surfers off the San Diego beaches. Later in the season, the teams would rotate shifts on a weekly basis. Initially, however, all hands were needed to get the crop into the ground.

Several exploratory forays were conducted into the most inaccessible canyons in the forest. A suitable site was eventually located in a lush valley between two mountain ridges. Down below the campsite, the valley opened up into a meadow filled with spring wildflowers. They christened the campsite "Shangri-la."

An airlift operation was necessary to move four miles of dripline and 2,400 pounds of fertilizer. The airport chosen was in New Cuyama.

There was only one other plane on the airfield when the white Cessna—piloted by Jim, a brother

of one of the surfers from down south—arrived. The plane was to be loaded with supplies, which would then be dropped into the appointed canyon. Just as it landed on the runway, however, a pickup truck lumbered into view and out popped an old man who curiously began sweeping a corner of the asphalt.

Bobby Jean, a spunky woman who had the gift of gab, tried to occupy this local while the supplies were loaded into the plane. Dripline, rubber inner tubes filled with fertilizer, and rolls of plastic were crammed in.

In what seemed a bad joke, the plane, once loaded, refused to start up. You could smell the sweat in the air as the plane sputtered through four false starts. Through it all, Bobby Jean chattered at the sweeping old man—who was the caretaker of the airport—telling him about how her friends were putting in a vineyard in a remote location, and wasn't it hot today, and did you hear about so and so....

Three different drops were eventually completed. On the first one, which barely got off the ground, the plane dove deep into the canyon, but the rookie pilot got jittery, and quickly pulled out without dropping anything. The contingents in the canyon, who had painstakingly set up markers to help guide the drop, were furious. The loads were eventually dropped, but the supplies scattered over a three- to five-square-mile area of intensely rugged country. Much of it was lost. A roll of plastic was found weeks later, strewn about the side of a hill. Paranoia set in, as many thought it surely would be spotted by other aircraft.

This was just one of the many unplanned incidences and was a prelude to what was to

A DESERT SPRING

It was hell hiking in. Glancing from side to side with an eye open for the law, they stumbled down the slope with 70-pound packs on their backs. The worst part was the final descent, a stretch which was soon blessed with almost every cuss word imaginable. Afterwards, folks walked gingerly for days with blisters and sore muscles. The sound of cool, rushing water and the wonderful shade of the massive oak trees were heaven after the four-hour hike.

David, a freckled, balding man of six and a half feet, scampered along the rushing mountain stream, christening gardens, oohing and aahing about the majestic mountains that surrounded this narrow strip of prime agricultural land. A bottle of tequila was consumed, and the ritual joints of last year's sinsemilla crop were shared—and shared, and shared. Needless to say, the crew hit the sack with smiles on their faces.

Dotted with maples and oaks and brimming with wildlife, the canyon was an incredible display of nature's handiwork. Camping in week-long stretches was like the Boy Scouts all over again, except that instead of earning merit badges, everybody was going to be rich.

The initial expeditions up the canyon transformed the remote and secluded spot into an intricate farming operation, complete with a sophisticated fertilizing and watering system, designed to accommodate what the brothers had called "hydroculture." It combined the best of hydroponics and classical agrarian techniques. The success of this design was evident when the plants were measured to have grown at a rate of six inches a day in early summer. The operation was not cheap: \$50,000 of David's hard-earned pay was required to get it into the ground.

Installation of "The Project," as they began to call it, was broken up into four phases. First, two 3/4-inch driplines were run up the canyon about a mile to a fresh spring. This generated a good head pressure in the gardens below, sufficient to supply the water to the fertilizer and emitter units at the rate of one gallon per hour. Next, large areas were carefully cleared to camouflage the gardens in the natural landscape. The gardens themselves were landscaping marvels, carefully blended with native trees and brush. Good-sized holes were dug, up to two feet deep and 18 inches across. Plastic sleeves were inserted into the holes and filled with a mixture of natural oak-leaf mulch and dirt that is abundant in the canyon. The sleeves stuck up out of the ground at least 18 inches, forming small greenhouses for the seedlings.

Seeds were planted in each sleeve, and the sleeves were sealed to protect them from late-spring frost and hungry critters. On hot days, the sleeves were opened to allow fresh air in and to keep the plants from wilting.

Finally, a 1/2-inch dripline for each garden was laid, concealed, and carefully connected to the main

line. Emitters were installed to supply water to each sleeve.

Fourteen such gardens were planted for a total of 6,400 plants.

A LONG SUMMER

Spring gave way to summer. The plants charged toward the sky. The days slowed to a crawl.

When the plants were over a foot tall, a watering schedule began. The plants were fertilized (60-33-20), supplemented with micronutrients, and the levels were slowly increased until a dose of up to three cups per 100 sleeves was reached. This took almost three months. Care was taken to water the plants thoroughly after fertilizing to keep them from burning in the hot sun.

While the brothers sweated out the technical details, internal politics threatened to tear the project apart. The North vs. South rivalry within the crew became a fascinating study in contrasts. Tanned and trim, the San Diegans spent their free time looking at boating magazines, trying to decide which one to purchase come pay day. The Deadheads, a motley crew of all shapes and sizes, held the American Indian as a role model, and began assembling a series of bizarre stone sculptures along the creek flowing by the main camp. Neither side totally trusted the other, and it was a tribute to brothers David and Jeff that they could keep this anarchistic system together.

As the season wore on, anxiety levels rose with the temperature. Did anyone see the plane drop supplies into the canyon? Will anyone find the path into the camp? How much money am I really gonna make? Who lost the rat poison? You added how much fertilizer??!

On the home front, David's wife was barely holding down the fort. Their child needed to go to school and the bills were going unpaid. One day, a fire raged in the open fields surrounding their home. Trying to explain where David disappeared to for long stretches of time wasn't easy either. Similar scenarios were played out at the homes of other partners.

Mother Nature did her best to foil this entrepreneurial adventure as well. A record dry winter translated into a low water table. The trip in June was marked by refreshing dips into the campsite pond, with little fishies nibbling at the toes. In stark contrast, the following trip in July marked the beginning of the "Great Water Panic." The situation looked so bleak that one of the northerners wanted to pull out, and it was rumored that he wanted to sell his share for \$15,000. He became the object of much ridicule and reluctantly stayed on.

A large dam made of logs, stone and mud was constructed miles up the canyon. A plastic sheet was set into place in an effort to prevent the precious water from seeping. Later in the summer, additional dripline was hiked in to chase the water up the

canyon. Water was siphoned pond by pond to feed the plants, some of which were already ten feet tall

It was so dry, animals downstream from camp began to follow the water up the canyon. One day an awfully embarrassed silver fox was so down and out he walked right through the camp to get a drink, and noisily consumed the previous night's leftover macaroni and cheese. Deer began to nibble on the lush marijuana plants

Summer dragged on for what seemed an eternity. Then right dab in the middle of the monotony of heat and overworked dreams, chance cast its spell

Jeff, along with one of his recruits named Flash, was examining some plants near the camp when he heard a strange sound. Now, after you spend some time in this kind of desolation, you begin to question your senses—especially sounds

Then he heard it again

"Hello? HELLOOO!?"

Believe it or not, there in the middle of camp was a crew of four people dressed in army fatigues, carrying duffel bags on their backs. Not sure what to do, Jeff's mouth hung open in disbelief.

The leader identified himself as a Yugoslavian, and right before Jeff's eyes, he and one of his buddies went into the Steve Martin and Dan Aykroyd skit from *Saturday Night Live*. "We're just a bunch of wild and crazy guys!" They asked how many there were in Jeff's crew. He responded twelve, insinuating that the rest were scattered up along the ridges and in the gardens.

The Yugoslavians then exclaimed "Country Club!" as they gawked at the outdoor shower constructed from dripline and stone, the portable stove and piles of canned goods stacked neatly near the tree—pickles, puddings and peanut butter.

Noticing that one of their crew stood right square in a patch of poison oak, Flash asked: "Aren't you guys scared of poison oak?"

Breaking out in bursts of laughter, they replied, "Poison oak is scared of us!" and went marching out of the camp in search of another location for their own planting

It was later discovered that these bizarre invaders were not part of a wild communistic plot to finance the overthrow of our capitalistic society. They had been hired—drafted may be a more accurate term—by Olaf, an insane German acquaintance of the crew leader in the next canyon over. They had literally been pushed down the side of the hill less than a week before, and told to come back with a harvested crop come October. What they brought instead was a rotten hand of cards that foretold trouble.

A TENSE AUTUMN

Bobby Jean, who was working as a night club waitress, began to show the strain of not knowing what was going on with her husband. Going for week-long stretches without any communication was wearing her thin, and she slowly started to let some of her friends in on what was going on. Next time her

husband came out, she demanded that she be allowed to join him down in the canyon for harvest. The ensuing debate among the men was heated, and the group reluctantly agreed to let her go in

Besides these human displays of frailty, the elements also took their toll on the crew. Trying to maintain the water supply, the weary canyon crew marked each passing day on a beautiful maple tree that dominated the center of camp. One crew member built a small shrine in the tree and placed a *Star Wars* figurine of Yoda in it. Yoda soon became the camp's patron saint.

Nonetheless, the crew was edgy and tired, and The Project became the supreme test of patience. As the nights began to cool, the odor of the gardens became intoxicating. Eyes were peeled for male plants, useless to the commercial grower because female flowers are the potent preference of the marketplace. Males had to be killed early to allow the remaining females as much water as possible and to prevent pollination.

Hunting season was in full gear, so nerves frazzled each time a new crew came in and the old one went out. To minimize contact, these exchanges were made before the crack of dawn. Previously, the dusty road leading to the long trail that made its way to The Project was so rough that few hunters ever wandered into the vicinity. This year, as a gesture of support for the operation, the ranger directed a road crew to fix up the road a bit. All things considered, this may have been a critical blunder

Strategies on how to cure and manicure the freshly cut herb were kicked around by both Jeff and Dave, and it was decided that some eager, young college kids would be hiked in to trim the picked flowers into saleable form.

As the buds matured, individual branches were harvested, leaving the plants to finish maturing. Picked branches were hung in drying sheds fashioned among the trees. After the leaves turned crisp and before the buds were too dry, branches were brought into camp and cleaned. The cleaned branches were allowed to dry for another day and then cut and placed into plastic garbage bags. These bags were opened during the day and mixed every hour to allow even drying. At night they were closed to foster curing. This process was repeated for several days, until the buds were sufficiently dry (to stop "sweating" in the bags). After a final day of drying, the bags were sealed and hiked out, ready for market

The first buds harvested were from cannabis *indica*,—the early-flowering, sturdy plants which are the prize of the market. Each pound of product would yield between \$1500 and \$3,000, depending upon the buyer and whether or not it was sold in one lump sum or divided into smaller allotments. The first few batches were trimmed, cured and transported without a hitch, and the crew, puffing madly on their own pride and joy, was confident that their little island of a world was safe and sound from prying eyes

One breezy afternoon, however, the roar of a small airplane startled the crew into a frenzy. With hearts pounding louder than church bells, tents and gear were huddled under the trees, as the plane slowly circled on high, obviously looking for something.

One of the college kids turned white. Another started sobbing, "This can't happen to me!" David, trying to maintain calm, said: "We'll have to check with the rangers to see what is going on."

The deep, sinking feelings soon gave way to panic as the crew began camouflaging the gardens, campsite and drying racks. Barney, who was up the canyon tending to the water, came running back, panting. "I think they saw my yellow shorts," he said, "I was standing right on this rock, when the plane came real low right over the ridge. I tried to get out of the way, but I don't know."

David tried to reassure everyone. "Even if they did see something, we'll hear from the ranger. Besides, they'll have to pass over one more time before they send in the troops to verify where we are. . . ."

After the initial queasy stomachs, a remarkable process of self-sublimation took place. That plane wasn't going to ruin their dream, and rationales were exchanged as reassurances. Crew members no doubt looked to Yoda at this time with a quiet prayer for support.

When it came time to hike the next batch out, however, David, as a precaution, decided to stay with a few trimmers and hike out the bags of manicured bud the next day. The lone woman in camp, Bobby Jean, was a close personal friend, and he didn't want to take any chances that the police would be waiting on the ridge for her backpack filled with marijuana.

As the crew began its steep ascent out of the canyon, another plane was heard, and knees began to shake. Paranoia made the guts growl until the sun went down and everyone was zipped up tight in their sleeping bags.

The next day, everything seemed fine. A bit chaotic perhaps, but there was no sign of the law on the ridge. As the northerners exited, the southerners came down the hill, sprawled across the landscape, cockily shrugging off the plane experience as an aberration. One of them had brought his fiancée, Karen, to show her their farm and get a little outdoor lovin' in. Little did she know what was to come.

The decision not to hike out some pot proved a costly mistake, since at least \$200,000 worth of the harvest that was ready to go never made it out of the canyon.

THE BUST

The crew was up late the night before, drinking tequila and what-not, hell bent on driving those airplane fears right into the ground. But daybreak held surprises.

David was the first to hear the thump, thump, thump of helicopter blades. He jumped out of his sleeping bag and then heard the voice of authority:

"Don't try to run, this is the police. We've got you covered."

Three helicopters hung like gigantic insects in the sky. Two more smaller choppers flew higher overhead. Because the canyon was too narrow for them to land near the camp, one went downstream to a large meadow. Here ladders were dropped so that a couple of people could drop to the ground and cut down 150-year-old oak trees to clear the way for a landing. One chopper went above the camp to seal the canyon, while the others hovered overhead, trying to keep track of the dispersing bodies.

In addition to the law enforcement officials, a television crew had come along and was busy filming the enfolding drama. The lead news story that night showed David scurrying up the canyon with what later became the infamous blue backpack filled with fresh buds. What had seemed to be a quiet little hamlet in the wilderness became the page—one story for three days in the *LA Times* and local newspapers.

Dave and his brother Jeff headed up the canyon, arriving at a fork where the trail to the ridge began. They headed up the canyon that had not been planted. Most of the San Diegans headed up the other way, climbing up the steep rocky cliffs in search of sanctuary. Meanwhile, several trimmers were off to a slow start. One never even woke up in the commotion and was arrested in his sleep. Another trimmer, one of the northerners who had stayed with David as an apprentice grower, strapped a pack on his back and began the arduous trip out to the ridge. The chopper had no problem following his bright red pack, and he too was apprehended. So was one more trimmer, cornered like a rat in the upper gardens.

Karen was so shocked all she had time to do was hide in a large bush in the center of a large garden near camp. The police never saw her, and she stood there, able to witness the bizarre behavior of the destroying invaders.

Dressed in army fatigues and toting M-16 rifles, they gleefully demolished the camp and gardens. "This is just like Vietnam," one overweight cop with a crewcut chortled, cocking his rifle. Pointing their guns at the trembling young captives, they tried to extract information about The Project, but were unsuccessful.

They then took photographs of themselves knifing large marijuana buds in half. One officer took Yoda from his shrine, stabbed him through with a large knife, and took a photograph—presumably to show his kids at home.

After trashing the camp, cutting down the plants to haul them out and fixing themselves dinner with the food they found in camp, they finally departed late in the afternoon.

The police conducted several painstaking, thorough searches of the nooks and crannies of the local canyons via the choppers, but the search was fruitless.

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PLANT OF THE MONTH



This picture was taken at 9½ months. The plant was a natural dwarf and an exact miniature of an *indica*. It was never trimmed and had fully developed buds. The plant was nine inches tall and yielded three-quarters of an ounce.

—Li'l Bud

From the British Colombia Coast

ASKED

BUD OF THE MONTH



Our *indica-sinsemilla* varies in flavor from plant to plant, but it is all quite stoney and a pleasure to smoke. The buds were of Hawaiian origin and were harvested about four months after germination.

—R & Della

Hartford, Connecticut

GARDEN OF THE MONTH



Skunk hybrid. High quality. Very aromatic. I used one 1000-watt MH, one 1000-HPS, CO₂, a fan and S.S.S.C. seeds.

Dear Ed

In "Growers Alert" (June 87), you mentioned the experimental use of floral foam and foam rubber. Do floral foam and foam rubber hold sufficient nutrients to feed the plant?

—Budget Grower,

Baldwin Park, California

Neither floral foam, foam rubber, nor rockwool hold nutrients. The plants must be fed hydroponically, using nutrients dissolved in the water. All of these mediums hold considerable amounts of water.

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NORTHUMBRIAN MAINE'S CREEPING GANJA

A Reader's Journal
By Ron

It all began back in 1974 with a handful of Colombian seeds. The plants were great—12 feet plus. Of course the buds were skinny and immature.

A friend of mine suggested pollinating my big plants with a new variety he had acquired. He said the seeds originated in the Middle East, and the people over there made hash from this type of pot. He also said it grew four to eight feet high, smelled like skunk spray and matured earlier than any *sativa* type.

I pollinated the lower-half of my biggest female with one of his *indica* males and received 50 mature seeds.

For the next three years I continued to pollinate my new cross with various original, straight Afghanis. I didn't like the skunky harshness I was getting with my new cross.

The following two years, I bred my crop to itself. The nutty, fruity taste returned with only a hint of skunk.

Then in 1980, I got hold of a locally grown *sativa* type of seed. I crossed

this with my own for three years. The results were outstanding: six to ten feet tall plants with the weight of *indica*. The plant is resistant to cold, and mature at the end of September before the severe frosts. It has a *sativa* taste and a heady high. Half a joint between two persons would be sufficient.

In 1983 and 1984 I interbred only the plants with the traits that I liked. (I should mention right now it isn't advisable to interbreed your plants more than two harvest seasons as it may weaken your crop.)

In 1985, another friend gave me some huge pot seeds that were half the size of my little fingernail. He said the seeds were *ruderalis*. I planted the seeds the first of June, and they were at full maturity by August 29th. I couldn't believe it. The plants were small and the buds weren't that great. They reminded me of a sick *indica*. I liked the early budding aspect though, so I selectively pollinated a

few lower branches of my best plant with a male *ruderalis*.

Then I bought a metal halide (MH) lighting system just for the purpose of developing a very early-budding hybrid. I had three marijuana strains, a few local hybrids and the winter season to make the right crosses.

The next several months I labored every day in my cellar to create the primo plant. I achieved four individual seed harvests by the end of May '86.

I harvested my latest crop of this new variety on August 18th after approximately 80 days of growing time.

The officials don't look for the dreaded evil weed here in Maine 'til the middle or end of September. This strain is a month earlier than the norm.

As far as weight, I averaged about ten ounces per plant. It's primo smoke too. Nice, fat, juicy buds oozing with resin. When I say primo, I mean one-hit stuff.



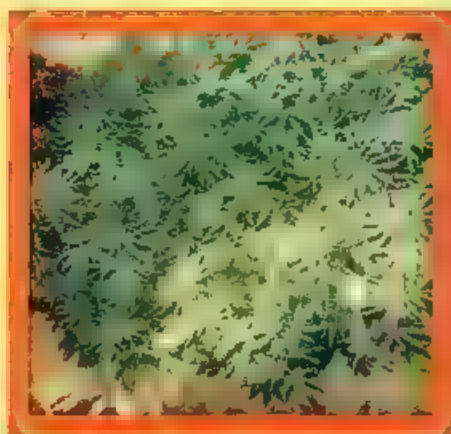
1. Planted the 7th of June. The plant is seven days old. The orange cups are full of beer—Port and Lager—to trap any slug that may slither by. Strawberries show size and contrast.



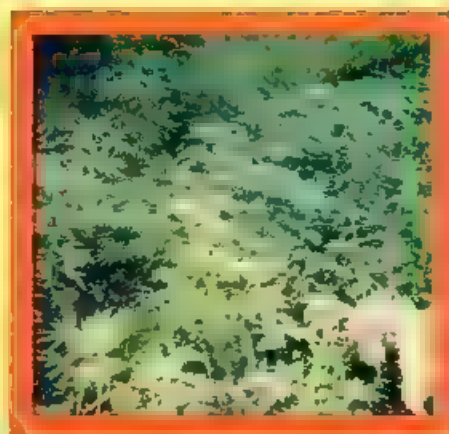
2. The same plant six days later—June 13th. Notice how the plant has started to lean down and crawl.



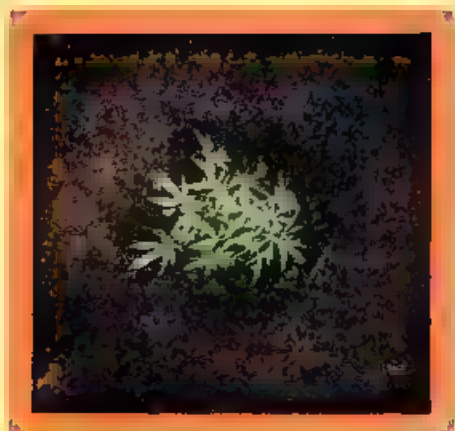
6. Same plant July 6th. I can't believe it. Only 11 inches high at the tallest and 50-plus tops have a flea market business set up in my front yard. Many an old lady walked through this plot admiring my healthy cherry tomatoes.



7. Same plant July 12th. Stopped counting the tops. I kept losing count. I could no longer get the complete plant in the picture without standing on a step ladder. Now remember, there are still five more weeks of growing before I harvest—and it hasn't started to accelerate yet!



8. July 3-25th: Plant in the middle is five feet wide and as tall as it will get, 14 inches. My tomato plants were four feet tall at the end of the season. They made good camouflage for me.



3. June 16th: The same plant five days later. We had cloudy, nasty weather for the past five days—this picture was taken in a thunder storm. The lack of sun didn't seem to bother the plants though. Temperature ranged between 42° and 72°.

The horrible snapshots enclosed don't really do my plants justice, but they are all I have. Unfortunately I have no pictures of the finished product because of thieves. My house was ripped off, and the items where I kept most of my 35mm slides and all of my seeds were stolen.

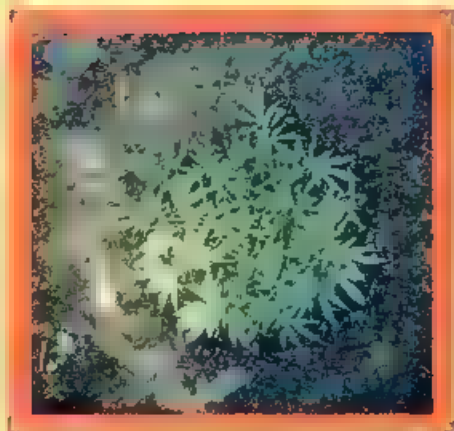
Fortunately all is not lost. In my scroungings I found a small bud with fine mature seeds that I had stashed for no apparent reason. I'm glad I did.

Somewhere, someone is walking around with hundreds of Northumbrian seeds. I hope they use them wisely.

A Talk About Northumbrian:

As you know, Northumbrian matures from seed to flower in less than 2½ months and grows horizontally.

The tallest branch was about 16 inches high. The average was one



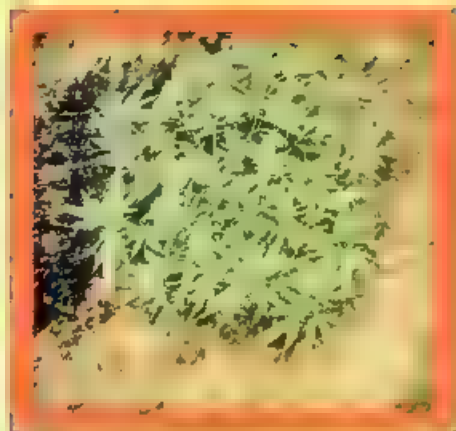
4. June 25th: Seven days later, same plant. A week of partly cloudy weather. Temperature ranges from 51° to 80°, approximately 20 tops. Notice in just 18 days, the plant grew from 1 to 20 tops.

foot. My widest plant on harvest day was 7½ feet from starboard to port. As far as weight, I harvested 10-16 ounces of resin-laden flowers per plant. Fifteen Northumbrian yielded thirteen pounds of bud.

Although they didn't mind direct sun, they seemed to do better on cold, cloudy, wet days. The average temperature this summer was 63°, an unusually cold summer.

Northumbrian has a lighter color than past plants. Bugs actually died when they tried to munch out on Northumbrian. I used a tsp. of crushed shade leaves on my cucumber to repel the squash bug. It worked well for potato bugs too.

The shade leaves dried up and fell off as the budding process accelerated. There was very little manicuring to do. The internodes were only a quarter to one inch apart all the way up the stalk. Every plant had over 50 tops.



5. Same plant June 30th. Seems to be doubling its tops and size every five days or so.

How I Root my Cuttings

I would like to explain how I root my cuttings with a success rate of 90 percent!

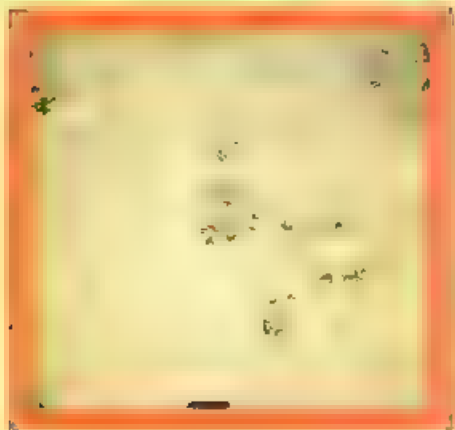
Yes, I agree with T.L. about rooting cuttings in water. I use natural spring water from my bubbling springs out back. I do not use a root hormone.

1. I paint a five- or ten-gallon fish-tank black and fill it with water.

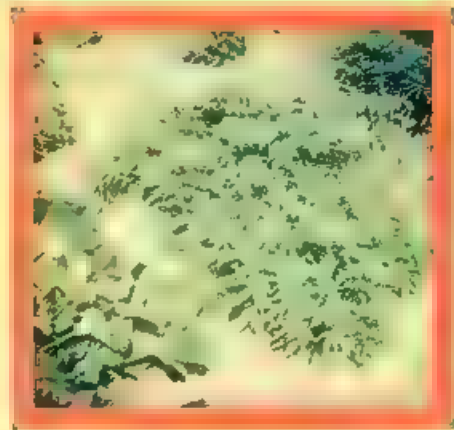
2. The real trick is to use an aquarium pump bubbler. I submerge the bubbler in three to four inches of sterile, crushed rock on the bottom of the tank.

3. The cover is made from a sheet of stainless steel with holes drilled in it about the size of a beer bottle twist-off cap. Over this I place a sheet of aluminum foil and poke smaller holes over the bigger holes, just big enough for the cutting to fit snugly, letting the leaves rest on the foil.

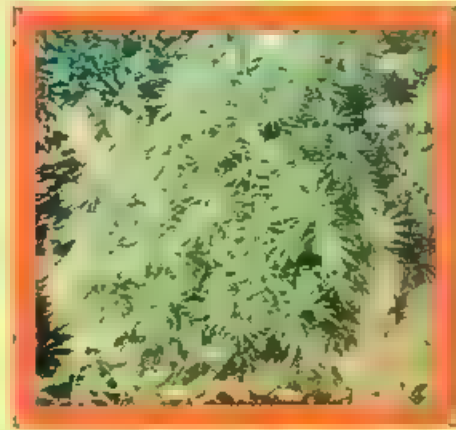
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9. The big plant is a leftover from my last indoor seed harvest at the end of May. It grew 13 inches tall—inside—and was very bushy. I planted it outside kind of sideways. The one above is a one-week old seed baby from the same plant!



10. Same two plants 33 days later. I believe the more obvious, the less noticed. I've picked tomatoes off my marijuana plants for people to sample, and they watched.



11. Another Northumbrian with over 30 tops. I've about a quarter of a mile from an air base owned by the Navy. They flew very low over this plot every day and didn't see a thing.



the 1987 readers' harvest report

"The force that through the green fuse drives the flower
Drives my green age;
That blasts the roots of trees
Is my destroyer."

—Dylan Thomas

Though the 1987 harvest was beset by many ambitious destroyers, such as CAMP and the September forest fires in California (some set intentionally?), still the force is with us—those intrepid freedom fighters for our Green Age, the marijuana growers. While greed-bloated corporations and governments continue to deforest the Earth at apocalyptic speed—destroying our oxygen supply and the balance of nature—pot farmers steadfastly empower the Earth with fresh seed and foliage. Here's 1987's report from some of those guardians of the Higher Power. —*Espy LaCopa*



PENNSYLVANIA

Harvested 18 Early Girl clones ranging in height from two feet to four feet. The clones were planted outdoors in late May. Flowering started late July, and by the last week of August, the hot, dry weather turned rainy and damp. A nasty bud rot was starting to melt the dense buds. Harvest was called for on September 1st.

By the first of October, we hope to harvest four Northern Lights clones. Three of the clones are Northern Lights 5 x 8, and one is a Northern Lights x Afghani #1. The plants are eight feet high and started flowering in late August.

—Stayin' Buzzed

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

CALIFORNIA

"I'm not old, I'm just Rustin'." Started 20 babies and bailed out. I salvaged ten before they kicked off. Five turned out to be beautiful lil' doggies. Rusty finally flipped back through, so I donated one to his cause. Looks like a late harvest this year. Just in time to be comfortably numb for Pink Floyd.

—CSABA

Los Angeles, California

VIRGINIA

I've got the Harvest Report for Northern Virginia. We're growing three plants, two sinse and one kickass skunker! We've been needing to water often due to lack of rain, but the humidity's great for them. We're using distilled water and grow food. The plants are ten to twelve feet tall. The buds have started. They're about three inches long already with internodal lengths of one to two inches. We expect to harvest around Halloween. We managed to get all females, and we planted blind—just stuck them in the ground. Even the leaf is kickass!

—Timmy Buds & Company

Fairfax, Virginia

INDIANA

September 8th, plants are five to six feet tall. Weather is sucking, five of 30 plants died because of the weather. Now they're inside and growing just right; strong, healthy, and good. We pay \$40 a 1/4-ounce, \$80 a half, and \$120 for a bag. The herb is excellent, and you'll get your money's worth too. Thanks to HIGH TIMES.

—Herb Dude

Indianapolis, Indiana

OKLAHOMA

First of all, let me thank you for your publication, and for your continued attempt to decriminalize pot and inform its users. I've been using for 15 years and growing for seven years, with the help of Ed and your staff.

This year in Oklahoma, April and May were some of the driest months on record, so early growth was slow. But June, July, and August have made up for the spring drought. We live on a small farm, and like other small farmers in the area, depend on the crop for farm aid and stash. Last year was a record year with four pounds of bud and lots of brownie mix and shake. This year, because of dryness in the spring, we will run a little behind I think. But the buds are thick and creamy, mostly *salvia* in the fields, but some Skunk #1 behind the house, thanks to the Holland connection. Keep up the good work, NORML, and grow Amerika, and long live the Dead.

—Roach Allen

Cushing, Oklahoma

OHIO

Hello. Greetings from northeast Ohio. I had a good year for growing our favorite substance, marijuana, and several different varieties. I might add. Only had one major problem with bugs in the spring, but what survived, grew and grew and grew. Looking forward to a bountiful harvest in September and October, and our first-ever Harvest Festival in northeast Ohio. I would like to thank HIGH TIMES for all the information and tips on growing the best marijuana possible. Keep up the good work.

—The Meadow Man

Cleveland, Ohio

CANADA

Here's a report on Canadian Cannabis Cultivation. Plants are three to four feet tall and three to four months old. Started in April with 200 Cambodian X Thai seeds. Lost half to rodents, over-fertilization, above average rainfall, and heavy winds. All plants were too tall and have been tied down. Now even the side branches are getting too tall (four feet), even after several prunings. Ten percent are showing the first signs of sex. No males yet(?). Saw a low flying "otter-spotter" flying near plants, but I'm sure they missed them. I'm anxiously awaiting buddage.

—Jittery Guerrilla Farmer

Southern Manitoba, Canada

TEXAS

Well, my personal harvest, which is my first one, will be coming from two Mexican *salvias*. These two are the mother plants, and I expect to clone and bud about 30-40 clones total.

Like I mentioned before, these are my first. No longer will I be stranded without like last year.... Thanks for all the info throughout the years.

—P.T.

Ft. Worth, Texas

VERMONT

Greetings from Vermont. It's late August, and my plants are doing great! The females are six to nine feet in height and just beginning to flower. I changed my 20-10-10 time-released fertilizer to 5-20-10, and supplemented that with rock phosphate. If all goes well, I should harvest my *indica-sativa* cross on October 1st, and end up with approximately two pounds of dried buds. Good luck to all my fellow growers.

—The Supreme Gage Master

White River Junction, Vermont

NORTH CAROLINA

I'm looking forward to the best crop yet to date. I've been growing seven years now. This year has been hot, humid, and dry, and I still expect a bumper crop. Plants are now 8-14 inches tall. Planted 109 plants, still have 100. Will mature late this year, mid-October or November due to *salvia* plants. Seeds were Afghani Kona Gold origin that I obtained from grower in Hawaii. Will go for \$200 an ounce in North Carolina. Be ready for the best smoke ever, coming in late October (sinse).

—Sid the Kid

Greensboro, North Carolina

NEVADA

I started crops on January 1, 1987. My garden consisted of Skunk #2, Hawaiian, Tiller Killer, and *indica*. I used a stationary 1000-watt MH and a 1000-watt HPS on a light mover. My Hawaiian are five feet tall, bushy, and budding, but still not ready. My Tiller Killer, skunk, and *indica* were harvested at six months. I charge \$75 a 1/4-ounce, no compromise—it's kickass. I have six, two-month old California Orange plants doing excellently.

—Panama Red

Las Vegas, Nevada

TEXAS

In February, I planted several seeds. A mixture of some Colombian and some home-grown skunk. By May, all but two had survived. Nutrients and conditions were never good, and because of this, my plants never had more than three leaves per branch. I even had one really skunky plant that budded in June! Why? I don't know. I'm glad it was male. I would have hated to see a female die so soon.

Now, all I have is one four-foot high plant that's all sinse. This is my first crop that's budded, and I love it! Last year, I had plants that were six feet in May. They were beautiful, but I was also narked on by some idiot, and I never saw them again except in the local paper with the pigs. Anyway, my current plant has about 20 or 30 buds on it, and the biggest is two or three inches. It's at the top. The plant always looked so undernourished, I never clipped. I still have another month or two till harvest, so I may have a decent yield for my family and myself.

—Bear
Austin, Texas

COLORADO

End of August, and my plants outside are approximately three feet tall. They're just starting to bud. By the time the next HIGH TIMES is released, they will be loaded with buds.

My indoor crop is at a near end. The buds are so heavy, they hang horizontally. I will harvest about 1/4-pound. I don't know why some people can't grow their own. If you can grow a tomato plant, you can grow an excellent plot of pot.

All my plants, indoors and outdoors, were started in early May, and I have next generation's cuttings vigorously growing.

—Ronald Reagan (ha)
Somewhere on Cloud 9 in Colorado

ILLINOIS

I just read your September issue. Excellent as always! This year we went both ways—indoors and out. To count, fourteen Afghan and skunk female hybrids, seven pure *indica* monsters, females of course! These were grown outside. And for as breeding purposes, the males stayed home—one Hawaiian, one *indica* and last but not the worst, one Nepal. We are presently working on our own strain for low-light areas with promising results. Ed will receive pictures at curing's end, when we are less busy keeping bushwackers off the ladies. General harvest time is September 18 through October. A safe and productive harvest to all.

—Mr. and Mrs. Old Reliable
Northern Illinois

P.S. We'll bring the prices down yet!

COLORADO



Here's two photos of me in my garden. The plant is Skunk #1. I started it on February 3rd, 1987, indoors. I moved eight plants outdoors in late April. One died, and one was pulled because it was a male, leaving six females. Two of the female plants were skunk, and four were basic *sativa*. The plant in the photo had a bird's nest in it! No shit. I've never seen a bird's nest in a pot plant before, and I was literally blown away! The buds were thick and gooey and purple, and they smelled just like a skunk. Not to mention the incredible buzz!

I'm hoping the frost won't happen for at least two or three more weeks. The *sativas* are not quite ready for harvest. What a great summer it's been. The Great Spirit has been kind this year.

It would be great to see a photo in your mag, but I don't need a T-shirt or book, so you have my permission to publish the photo if you wish. Thanks, HIGH TIMES, your mag is the best.

—Chief Little Buzz
Northern Colorado

KENTUCKY

I'm new to the pot scene. I met some friends who enjoyed it and got me interested in the challenge of growing top quality stuff. I put out my first crop this year, which consisted of 30 plants of mixed sexes from Skunk #1 seeds from Holland. I have eight pretty females drying in my basement, and six more still sparkling in the sun, dispersed through two counties. I must say, I'm proud of most of my ladies. They average nine feet with large buds that leave the hands sticky and fill the nose with a sensuous aroma. My pot-smoking friends say it is excellent smoke, and not just because it's free!

—Kentucky Fly Boy
Lexington, Kentucky

TEXAS

I just wanted to let you know that the marijuana situation in old El Paso, Texas is fine and dandy, especially in my outdoor garden. This is the second year I have grown my own stash (thanks to HIGH TIMES), and I have done it with few problems. These pictures are from my garden of '86. They all turned out fabulous and this year I hope to bring in another harvest. I only wish that every free American citizen who wishes to use marijuana could do it without the bullshit of having to worry about the laws governing pot. If we are to see marijuana legalized for personal consumption, every pothead from here to eternity needs to join NORML, because they need all the help they can get from the people who—by all rights—make and break stupid laws. This is a free country. Let's get pot legalized for all.

—P.O.
El Paso, Texas

IOWA

Things are budding out all over northwest Iowa. Just started with my harvest for this year. The Affs and Skunk #1 are huge with sticky, big, smelly buds. Seeds were germinated and started indoors early April and put outside the last of April. I covered the young seedlings with milk jugs for protection from cold. Good thing, because they got snowed on, but it all came out fine. The Skunk #1 are from the S.S.S.C., the Affs are from another local grower. I had great luck with the S.S.S.C. on both seed and service; 100 percent germination and a very high female ratio. I used Rapid Gro 23-19-17 as a foliar spray every two weeks, then during bloom, Rapid Gro Bloom. I also used natural seltzer water misted on the plants three times a day until July, when they got too huge. I got that seltzer-water trick from Ed's tip book. The plants were hit with Power Bloom June 2nd, and again two weeks later. The seltzer water, along with the Power Bloom, made for some really big-around plants that were short. I had a 90 percent female crop. I also took cuttings from the female Affs and Skunks in June and put them out in July. They are all around three feet tall now, but super good and buddy. I used the plantlet system I learned from the S.S.S.C. catalog. The Skunk #1 I got from the S.S.S.C. are the best plants I have ever grown. The service and seed from them was great too, as I said before. I also learned a lot from their catalog and from your books. I have been growing outside for 11 years now. I was busted and lost my plants in 1984, so I have changed my style and locations. My bust never stopped me. It just made me more cautious. Loose lips sink ships and cause busts. Keep up the good work, and don't forget that people still grow outside.

—Just Say NORML
Birdwatcher
Northwest Iowa

FLORIDA

Here in southwest Florida, nature does most of the hard work to produce excellent crop. However, air surveillance is intense here, therefore the prudent grower must use extreme guerrilla tactics in his crop placement to avoid detection. Time from seed to harvest is also an important factor. Over the past several years, starting with excellent *indica* seed stock, I have developed crop which fully matures in three months. This year seedlings were planted the last week of May and all were harvested between August 18 and August 31. These plants were 6-8½ feet tall, with 1½ inch internodal length on all branches and produced six to nine ounces per plant of fine, manicured, seedless flower top. Isn't Mother Nature grand!

—Bud Green

Southwest Florida

OREGON

I guess it was, after all, a waste to put up all that army camouflage to hide these glorious 20-foot-tall fields of elephant grass with 3-foot kolas from the sky duggas. Sad to see the South Oregon and North California crop lost, lost, but not in vain. Agni, the purifier! Renewal!

Thank God the forces of evil are using their machines of death to save our crops. It riles them to believe that you perceive the web they weave—keep on thinking free!

—Om

Portland, Oregon

FLORIDA

I germinated seeds in a wet paper towel. Out of 12, I got 12. I grew them to three feet at home, but then I moved them to the woods. Because I was in on this with my friend, his indecisiveness caused the life of ten plants. Then I forgot about them. I recently went there, after several months, to find one beautiful, 4½ foot female plant. I was so delighted, I inquired of many of my *sativa*-head friends about growing aids. They all referred me to HIGH TIMES magazine. I called everywhere looking for it. Finally I got a copy. I now realize just how much of an amateur I am compared to some subscribers. It is amazing that growth and budding can be achieved over three months instead of six. I have ordered seed catalogs and \$80.00 worth of your books so I can do a better job. I love growing the plant strictly for fun, but seeing as I'm going to college next year, I'll need some dough. I just wanted to write to you and tell you how beautiful a plant I think marijuana is, and even though I don't smoke, and have only thus far grown for pleasure, I respect your right to do so, and I resent those who oppose you. Thank you for making such a beautiful magazine.

—Just Budding

Florida

CALIFORNIA

Attached article says it all! A lot of people holding fire sales this year. California's "burnt buds" going for about 1200 a pound if only slightly cinged.

—Shady Lady

Napa, California

Marijuana in Wildfires Are Just a Sweet Haze

by Kenneth Gosting

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE, Saturday, Sept. 12, 1987—Where there has been smoke in California's forests, there have been smiling deputies—and perhaps a few giddy firefighters.

The fires that have blackened nearly 900 square miles of California's wilderness, also have charred many of the state's marijuana patches.

"Just as we were gearing up for some big raids, the fires came along and did our job for us," said Sheriff Bob Coane of Tuolumne County.

Towering flames made ash out of marijuana groves underneath pine trees that had hidden the crop from investigators' helicopters, Coane said.

Fingers of flame also sent 13,000 firefighters traipsing through even the most remote canyons—the prime marijuana cultivation territory.

With acres of marijuana plants burned and each plant having a street sale value of about \$3,000, authorities said several pot farmers were wiped out.

"Definitely the price of marijuana is headed for a very sharp increase," said Bob Wolfgang, a Tuolumne County sheriff's detective.

Precautions were taken to ensure that firefighters would not be affected by smoke from the marijuana plants or injured by the booby traps that many pot farmers set.

The federally financed Campaign Against Marijuana Planting awards 50 cents per plant to each government agency that destroys or confiscates marijuana.

Detectives near Cherry Lake in Tuolumne County pulled up 100 unscathed marijuana plants while their counterparts near a 10-acre timber fire in Calaveras County pulled up 90 more.

NEW JERSEY

This is my first garden in the Garden State. On April 1st, I planted 100 skunk seeds, good stuff from a friend. On April 7th and 8th, all seeds were up. I put the crop under two Vita-Lite, 40-watt fluorescent bulbs at 70 °F with 17 hours of light.

Thirty-six days later, on May 13th (full moon—the Planter's Moon), I put the crop outside at night. The ground was ready to go. The plants are 12-17 inches high, with five to seven sets of leaves. From the first water, all-purpose fertilizer was used: Ra-Pid-Gro 23-19-17. Dry-Blood was used each time I watered, one cup per plant. Plants did very well. Bugs were not a big problem, just a small nuisance. Now it's 190 days later.

Three crops were ripped off, 75 plants gone. The patch that didn't get ripped had 25 plants, and half of them were males. So I'm down to 13 good female plants. I'm lucky so far. The plants are four to five feet tall now. The first week of August, I started to see the sex difference in the plants.

So I waited five more days to make sure Male or female. Out with the male, but I took 50 cuttings to start indoors. Now it's August 25th, and the buds look good. I'm using Peter's African Violet plant food (13-36-15). So far, so good. I hope to harvest on the Harvest Moon, Oct. 7th. Just 37 more days. I can't wait to see how it goes. I will let you know.

Thanks to all the people at HIGH TIMES and the HIGH TIMES Bookstore, I have done it so far. Thank you very much. I just love HIGH TIMES.

—K-9

South Jersey

MICHIGAN

Here's a picture of our crop (maybe). Fourteenth generation grown from seeds. Only three males out of 66 plants. I seeded four nice buds and will harvest by the time this is printed. As for the weed situation around here, there's some shitty green around for \$35 a 1/4-ounce, \$1,000 a pound. Also good green for \$45 a 1/4-ounce, \$1,400 a pound. What we smoke is this black-brick, killer Ganja. Two tokes and it's expand city, \$50 for a 1/4-ounce, \$200 an ounce, \$1,900 a pound.

—Resin Corp

Royal Oak, Michigan

P.S. We need acid and 'shrooms. No coke or crack. (I think dealers should have some crack stuck up their cracks.)

IOWA

Last year was the first year I tried S.S.S.C seeds. The results were excellent, I just didn't plant enough.

This year was different. I invested in 300 S.S.S.C. seeds. Excellent germination. The M11-SK #1 x Afg 1 are looking excellent. Buds are forming well. Sinsemilla.

The other varieties are also doing well. This will be my best year yet, providing I can keep thieves away. The risk from thieves is far greater than the risk from the sheriff's department. Next year I will clone off of S.S.S.C. mother plants.

—Seedless

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

I'm sending an article that I clipped out of my local newspaper. I hope you'll print it in your Harvest Report so my fellow readers can read and learn from it.

It should be a good year for the pot crop. According to this article, the pot is growing faster than the officials can pull it up. And there are national forests (and state forests too!) all across America. Only, growers, beware! The *man* is trying to catch us with the absurd idea that if we're caught, we'll stop growing (for the rest of our lives?). So the saying goes, "Once a grower, always a grower." It should be a good year for pot!

—Tokin' Jake

Somewhere in Massachusetts

CALIFORNIA

Just a short note on the progress report on my crop. I planted my seeds in late April. I had three plants: two female *sativas* and one *indica-sativa*. The *indica* was pint-sized and matured real early. The *sativa* topped out at close to six feet before I had to cut it down—just before it flowered. Got paranoid of the cops in my area. The *sativa* alone yielded close to a pound of damn good smoke. Next year I will try to plant a little earlier.

—Drummin' Man

Stockton, California

MARIJUANA OUTPACES PATROLS

WASHINGTON—Marijuana plants are growing in national forests faster than the Forest Service can pull them up, according to federal officials who are asking Congress for the money to cut the lucrative illegal crop.

That spending plan, reviewed by the Senate Energy and Natural Resources Committee, includes \$5.7 million for a crackdown on marijuana growers in the national forests.

Officials said the money would allow the service to increase its investigative and surveillance authority, helping to apprehend growers. In the past, the Forest Service's mission essentially had been to wipe out the gardens.

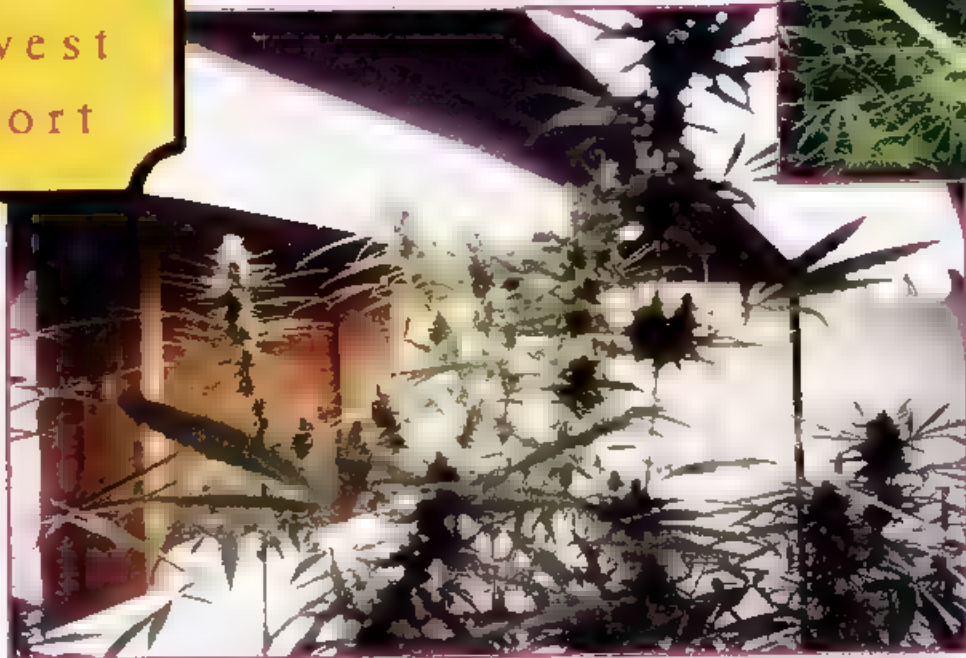
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A S K E D

continued from page 61

Dear Ed,

I am an indoor grower in the Pacific Northwest who recently stumbled upon a strange breed of cannabis. A friend gave me a gram which was filled with seeds. The seeds were tiny, about half the size of normal seeds.

The plants appeared to be a variety of *indica*. They had a red stem and dark green leaves and grew at a normal rate. After a month of growth I noticed the leaves weren't getting any bigger. None of the leaf sets had more than five leaflets, and the longest leaf on the plant was 1 1/2 inches.

They matured under a 12-hour on, 23-hour off cycle in a little more than a month at the height of less than one foot. They were covered with 3/4-inch buds. Could you explain the midgets to me?

—Nate the Baked

Sultan, Washington

The Seed Bank had a dwarf Mexican. The plant was also about a foot tall. When it was crossed with a normal plant, the F₂s were halfway between the dwarf and normal plant. Apparently the characteristic (at least in the Seed Bank plant's case) was caused by a single gene.

Dear Ed,

Here in Wyoming the air is dry all year round, and with winter upon us, the air will get even dryer. I was wondering if my small indoor garden will benefit from a "swamp cooler." I was going to use it to increase the humidity and to help circulate the air in a very confined space.

Thanks,

—Bone Dry, but High
Laramie, Wyoming

Try to maintain about 50% humidity in the space. A small humidifier or electric vaporizer could take care of the problem.

Dear Ed,

In the June '87 issue, you replied to "Mike in Michigan" that his plants had adapted to the Michigan environment and begun flowering in early July. I live in Ohio and I always harvest in late October or early November.

Does this mean if I keep breeding my plants they will start to flower earlier to adapt to the Ohio light cycle?

—The Mountain Planter
Ohio

You can select for early maturation. In that case the plants will be harvested earlier each year. Make sure to select for quality too. No one wants an early plant without a buzz.

continued over

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(p. 78)

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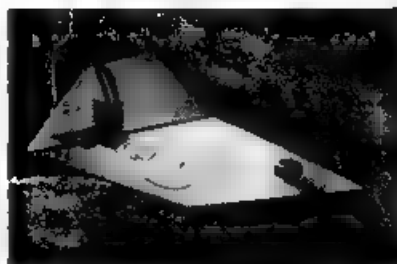


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A - S - K - E - D

continued from previous page

Dear Ed,

How many lumens per square foot does a plant need during growth and flowering stages?

—Chino

San Jose, California

Any marijuana plant can use a minimum of 2000 lumens during growth, and 3000 for flowering. It would be better off with double that number. Some varieties tolerate low-light conditions better than others. Equatorial *sativas*, such as Colombians and Africans, "run" when the lights are not bright enough. The flowers are small and sparse along a partially naked stem. *Indicas* get loose flowers rather than the compact buds a properly lit plant gets. Generally, *indicas* need less light than equatorial *sativas*.

Dear Ed,

I am starting an indoor garden with three 400-watt mercury vapor lamps that I acquired at salvage

I am wondering if there is a difference between high pressure sodium (HPS), metal halide (MH) and mercury vapor lamps. Can I use another type of bulb in my mercury vapor ballast?

—Element of Light

Indianapolis, Indiana

Mercury vapor lamps are not as efficient as MH or HPS lamps, and they do not emit as high a percentage of light in the critical red or blue bands as the other bulbs. At least one company, General Electric, makes both MH and HPS replacement lamps that are for use in mercury vapor fixtures.

Dear Ed,

Does it make a difference from where on the plant the seeds originate?

—Red Morning

Las Cruces, New Mexico

No. The seeds will contain the same genetic material no matter where they come from on the plant.

Dear Ed

I have been thinking of crossing a *ruderalis* with an *Afghani*. Should I use a male or female *ruderalis* in the cross or doesn't it matter?

—Love and Peace.

North Carolina

It does not matter. Each parent gives the new resulting embryo one of its two sets of chromosomes. The seeds will grow into the same hybrids.

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Dear Ed,

Here are a few tips I'd like to share with your readers

1 Mix soil or soilless medium in trash bags by holding bag closed and rolling it around. Add water to the bag after mixing but before pouring to eliminate dust. Cut out one corner of the bag and let the mix pour into containers. This cuts dust and is fast and clean.

2. Have you ever watered your plants only to find exposed roots after the water is absorbed? An easy cure for this is to cut a piece of one-inch thick, open-celled foam rubber to the size of the top of your container. Cut a slot in this piece to fit around the plant's base. It can be put on or removed easily.

3 All this could easily be avoided by using open-celled rubber as a medium. Using seven-foot rain gutters, I cut the foam rubber to fit. I seal one end of the gutter off and raise that end an inch or two. The water flows to the open end and into a drip tray. Plants are started in pellets and are set in pre-cut holes in the foam.

This medium is cheap, and clean, and plants respond to feeding and leaching overnight. If black trash bags are cut and taped to the sides with a slit provided for each plant, it may be folded over the foam to help retain moisture and keep algae from growing on the foam. Thanks.

—Galloping Growroom Gourmet
Gulfport, Mississippi

Thanks for your tips, Galloping. I agree. Open-celled foam makes a fine medium.

Dear Ed,

I have two questions

Is it possible to re-use soil, and what do I need to do to recondition it?

We use well water, and it was some nasty tasting stuff before we got used to it. Should I test it, or will all the extra minerals be a help? Thanks

—Aiming High

Oak Harbor, Washington

It is possible to re-use soil. First the soil should be broken up to a fine texture. As long as there were no infections, the soil can just be leached so that excess salts are washed away. If you add soil amendments, such as organic fertilizer, they should be added to the mix at half the rate they were first used.

If the plants suffered from plant pests or infections, discard the soil.

Test the water to make sure that with the fertilizers no mineral reaches toxic levels. Check also to make sure that the total concentration of salts does not reach too high a level.

continued on page 77

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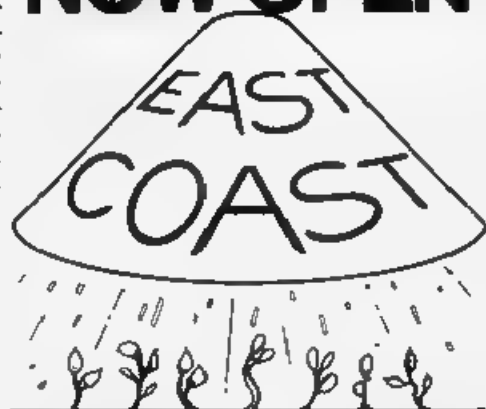
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HARMONIC CONVERGENCE

continued from page 42

He pointed to a pretty woman in the crowd

"You should ask that girl to join us"
 I told him I wasn't there to meet girls
 "Why not? You're here for a celebration, aren't you?"

Sometime later, he pointed to the same woman this time she was alone
 "See if she speaks English," he said I ignored his suggestion again, feeling at odds with the idea of focusing on girls here at this place and time, and more at odds with the idea of someone else picking them for me

"Ah hell," Bill muttered. He approached the woman "Say, you want to join us? There's somebody you should meet"

He cajoled her into joining us for a bite to eat, there was an instant and fantastic rapport between us

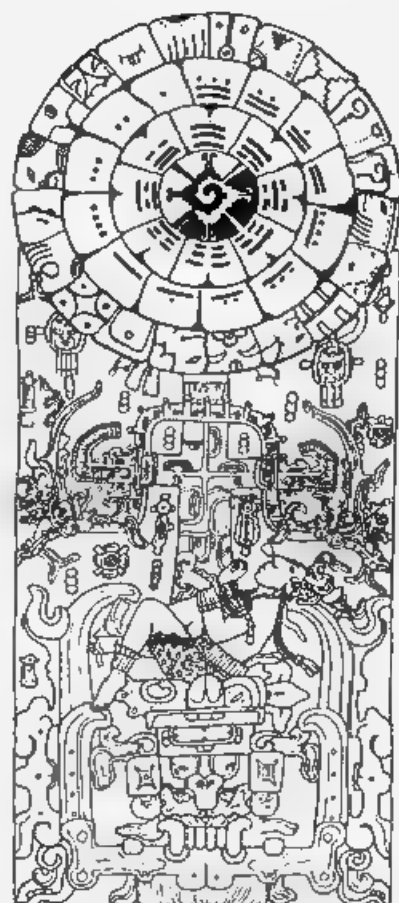
"I told you I know a little something," Bill later laughed "Some things you shouldn't fight"

Near nightfall the crowd had begun to dwindle. The carnival had closed for the evening, and the church festivities were over. Most of the convergence celebrants had returned to Oaxaca for the night when Bill's friend appeared. Those who remained flocked to this apparition in white—a middle-aged man with a long beard, very biblical. His name was Diez Porta. He was clear-eyed, middle-aged, and possessed a quiet, self-assured intelligence. But he shunned the attention showered on him at first. "I am only a messenger. Save that for someone else." Still, people wanted someone or something to affix themselves to, and after some pressing he obliged.

He made a small fire and suggested people write those things they wanted to change about themselves on papers and then throw those papers into the fire, a symbolic burning of bad traits. People went at it with abandon. News media thrust microphones to his face. There was a story here, something for the networks. Porta allowed the flames to die out before leaving the circle to talk with Bill. The crowd dispersed.

Later, Bill asked Diez Porta to explain the change to Larry, myself, and the woman who had joined us. "They just don't get it and you speak better than I do," he laughed. Diez Porta obliged.

He said that if we liked we should



prepare ourselves for a change. We should personally improve, and could, simply by looking at things in a new way. "When a man is sick and comes to me for help, I tell him, 'You knew enough to make yourself sick, just undo it.'" He spoke of a new vocabulary, a kind of universal Esperanto—which would aid in harmonizing the Earth, and of the foolishness of the fear of death. "The word conveys something sinister. But it is only a doorway. Life does not go anywhere. Where there is matter there is life. In the rocks, on the moon, in the burning comets. Not vague life—real life."

The key to our understanding these things lay with our science, our physicists. Those men were finally understanding the wave theories of matter, that nothing was solid. We have senses that decode certain wavelengths and make wave clusters seem solid. But there are other decoders that could show us entirely different universes existing where we sat. He said that since science was coming to terms with these ideas, we would all soon grasp them. And then this great harmony that we were all in Tule to celebrate could

become a possibility "That's when we will make a quantum leap of consciousness," he laughed

He was a marvelous speaker and a cluster of people gathered around him

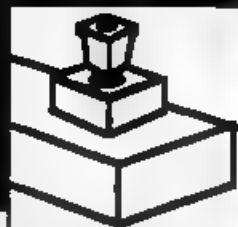
And then, when someone asked the big question—what would the result of the change be—he answered that he didn't know. The change was a process the fulfilling of prophecies was a process not an end. Within sight was harmony on Earth and recognition of life in everything, beyond that, harmony in the solar system, the universe and cosmic space, but beyond that he couldn't say. "But remember I'm only a messenger. I'm not a guru. I'm not even important."

It had grown late. Whether Diez Porta really travelled to other spaces or not was not important. Whether he was making up a lot of hocus-pocus or not was not important. What was important was a focus of intent he had provided.

Someone built a fire not far from the tree and we made a circle around it. Someone began to sing "I don't care about tomorrow" and some people joined in. Others followed with prayers they had written for the occasion. Dawn was just a few hours away. The girl Bill had introduced me to and I walked into the Mexican night to be alone. Larry slept beneath the tree.

During the night, hundreds came by bus or taxi to celebrate the dawn. They made circles and squares, some held hands and hummed. Some reached for the sky in hopes of catching one of the spirits released by Quetzalcoatl. The townspeople watched, some joining in celebration, some laughing at the celebrants. Diez Porta had those who wanted write new things on papers things they wished to do with their lives, then burn them on the ashes of the night's blaze. A preacher who thought us all sinful angrily doused the pagan flame with a hatful of water. Stone givers gave stones, some read auras, some claimed to have seen spirits dancing in the night in the branches of the tree. Some were giddy, some were serious. The sun rose illuminating the tree.

It was all kind of silly, but somehow it felt like something did happen. It was palpable. Something good, if temporary. It was a new day and we had all found ourselves here at this amazing tree to ring in the new dawn. ●



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CALIFORNIA BUST

continued from page 60

David and Jeff had been clinging to each other in a little cubby hole under a huge rock. They had buried themselves in the sand to avoid detection. Two officers had passed by so close that their conversations could be plainly heard.

As daylight finally melted to twilight and darkness, everyone slowly made their way back into camp. Bird calls were sent to alert those remaining that it was safe to return. One crew member, who had been chased by a television reporter asking for an on-site interview, had actually crawled all the way to the road and hitched a ride into town to call those on the outside and let them know about the disaster.

The rest huddled, licking their wounds. The canyon next door had also been busted, so the sky was filled with the sound of helicopters hauling the evidence away to be burned.

Under the blanket of morning fog, the hobbling platoon hiked out that night and through the next day, following the Sisquoc River. Without food or warm clothes, it became a test of human endurance.

With the hum of choppers overhead, the remaining crew members scaled a mountain and then came upon a vacation resort by Zaca Lake. Dave, bloodied, filthy and reeking of sweat, casually went inside and used the phone. Over the CB intercom in the room next door, he could hear the voices of the chopper pilots as they flew up and down the canyon searching for anyone who may have escaped. His call went through, though, and the crew was rescued.

Later, it was discovered that a member of the trimming crew was still down in the canyon. Dressed in shorts and a T-shirt, he was found a day later suffering from shock and exposure, some say near death.

Ironically, the Yugoslavians, who actually were the cause of the police raid, got off scot-free. They had planted their garden too close to the road and had provoked the suspicion of hunters who had seen litter on the road path and decided to investigate.

The plane overhead had been a fortuitous incident. It had been searching for the 'slavonian garden and had never even seen Shangri-la. Since the spotted garden was in the same canyon as Shangri-la, the choppers had stumbled onto The Project by mistake.

Police did find the "wild and crazy guys" up on the ridge, drunk as skunks. But because they obtained confessions by gunpoint, their case was thrown out of court.

One still wonders what happened to the rangers.

So goes justice when laws get in the way.

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continued from page 73

Dear Ed,

I am a first-time grower about to harvest an indoor crop. But I have a problem my most beautiful, healthy plants suddenly topple over and die.

The first sign of trouble occurs when the sides of the leaf blades curl under. Then the ends of the leaf blades curl under, and leaf color changes from dark green to shiny lime green. At this point, the plant slows water intake from the soil, and the plant collapses. Then a yellowish color appears along the outer edges of some of the leaf blades.

During the first 2 months I think I overfertilized. To correct this I have tried water deprivation and leaching the soil. The last tactic saved two of the eight plants.

What is my problem?

—Frustrated Beginner

Seattle, Washington

The plants are suffering from overfertilization, just as you suspected. Plants draw water from the soil by maintaining a more concentrated solution of salts in the roots than is found in the water outside the roots. Salts in a solution disburse evenly throughout it. Since the water outside the root-cell membranes is more diluted than the water inside, water moves from the soil into the roots.

However, when the concentration of salts (the nutrients from fertilizers) are more concentrated outside of the cells than inside, the plant starts to lose water to the soil and wilts. The plants in your garden had a slight case of overfertilization. The difference in concentrations of salts found in the plants in your garden and the soil water was slight, so it took the plants a while to die.

Dear Ed,

How long does pollen stay viable? What is the best method for storing it for long- and short-term use?

Sincerely,

—Tennessee Green

Kingston, Tennessee

According to Sam Selgrij, who has been researching the subject, pollen remains viable for at least two weeks stored in a cool dark place. It tends to be attacked by fungus in the presence of moisture, so that a dehumidifying gel may prolong its life.

For long-term storage, freezing is best. Put the pollen in a sealed container in the freezer. Do not remove from the freezer until it is about to be used, then let it warm to room temperature and use it.

continued on page 80

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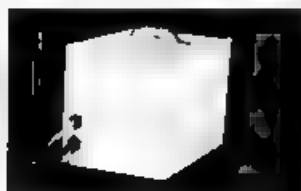
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A - S - K - E - D

continued from page 77

Dear Ed,

Last summer I grew plants indoors and out. It is strange to have a major infestation of spider mites indoors when plants grown outdoors, a few hundred feet away, remain mite-free.

I have been able to control the mite problem on the indoor plants by periodically taking them outdoors and washing them down with plain water from my garden faucet.

Thanks
—GA. Peach
Duluth, Georgia

Thanks for your tip, GA. The reason that the outdoor plant remained mite-free was that the forces of nature kept these pests in check. Rain, wind and insects all thwart population build-ups. Indoors, there are no natural forces to keep the plant-sucker populations in check.

Dear Ed,

I have tried gibberellic acid on several occasions and find the results to vary. At times the stems do elongate but the bud on one plant that was sprayed got extremely large and was much more resinous than its sister plants.

What I am worried about is, will it harm a person to smoke the bud that has been sprayed with the hormone?

Thank you
—The Big "B"
Knox, Pennsylvania

The gibberellin group of hormones was first isolated from rice infected with a fungus that made the stems grow extremely long and spindly. Since they were first isolated they have been discovered to be present in most plants. They affect numerous aspects of plant development. Aside from stem growth, the compounds also affect dormancy and sexual expression in dioecious plants (plants that normally have flowers of just one sex on a plant, like cannabls). High concentrations of gibberellins are found in young leaves, flowers and fruits.

Gibberellins are extensively used commercially for a number of applications. The compounds are used to break dormancy in seeds and buds in lieu of a chill or light requirements. They are also used to create seedless fruit when they are sprayed instead of allowing the flowers to be fertilized (parthenocopy). Flower growers use them to increase the size of flowers. Virtually all commercial grapes are

sprayed since the gibberellins double their size. Gibberellic acid is the most widely used of the gibberellins.

Probably of greatest interest to marijuana growers is the effect they have on some female plants. For instance, some hybrid cucumber varieties are naturally gynocious (female). They ordinarily produce no male flowers. However, pollen is required in order for the plants to set fruit. Growers spray the plant with gibberellin to induce male flowers on some of the plants. Several marijuana growers have reported on their experiments trying to induce male flowers on female plants using gibberellic acid. Most reported no success, but several claim that definitely non-hermaphroditic gynocious plants grew normal male flowers.

The advantage of being able to induce male flowers on a female is that males could be eliminated from the breeding program. After male flowers are induced on a female plant, it could be used for breeding. Even though the male flowers were induced by chemicals, they had no male chromosomes or genes and the resulting seeds therefore would be only females.

To get back to the question, is the stuff safe? I hope so, since it is produced naturally in virtually every plant we eat.

Dear Ed,

I am growing hydroponically, using five-gal on buckets cut to 1/2 height and perlite as the medium. All of the plants appear to be thriving including the algae. What should I do about the algae problem? Would an algae-cide harm desirable plants? The problem is only on the surface of the medium.

—Pancho
Atlanta, Georgia

Many hydroponics books make a big deal about algae growth. They claim that the algae ties up nutrients and deprives the plant roots of oxygen during the dark period. While both of these statements are true, the amount of nutrients that the algae uses is small and has little effect on plant growth. The same goes for the oxygen.

Algae are tough plants that have been evolving for billions of years. To kill them a strong herbicide is needed. Algicides also affect other life forms so I do not recommend their use.

Algae require moisture, nutrients and light to grow. By covering the surface of the medium with an opaque material, the algae are deprived of light and stop growing. Plastic film or cardboard will both work.

continued on page 97

W A N T E D



An arrest for marijuana can be a devastating experience, not just for the victim, but for the family and friends as well.

Even those who don't go to jail can face an arrest record, probation, urine testing, property confiscation and the humiliation and shame associated with a trip through our criminal justice system.

Unfortunately, people **ARE** going to jail for marijuana. And the numbers are increasing. A community social worker in Texas was just sentenced to 60 days in jail and fined \$1500 for possession of 2/10th's of a gram of marijuana. It was her first offense.

These people need our support.

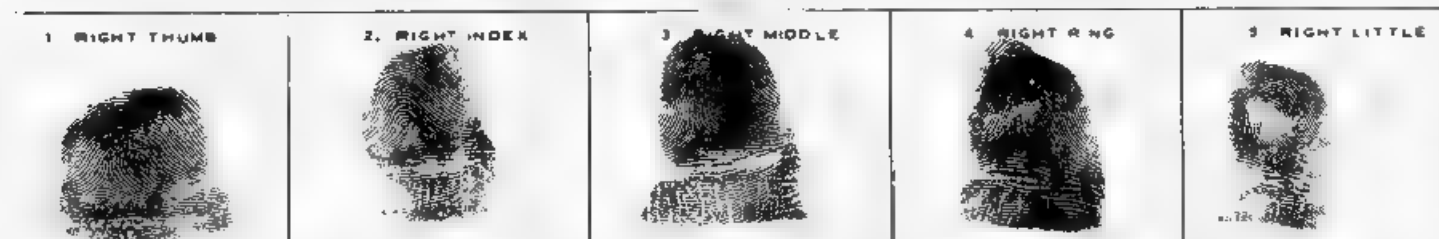
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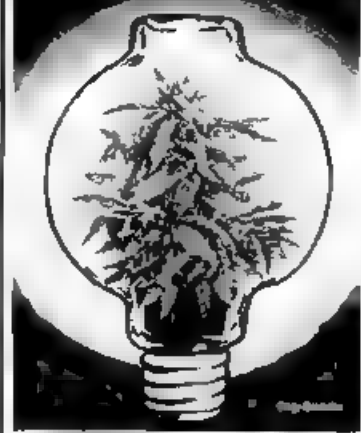
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PSYCHOTRONIC

It's nearly 1988, so this month the Psychotronic Wayback Machine is set to minus thirty plus—1958, the year of the dog. Since the Sovs had launched Sputnik in '57, America quickly established NASA and launched first Explorer, then Atlas. Roger Corman cashed in with *War of the Satellites*. The Soviet and American governments covered up "the worst nuclear accident in history" in the Ural mountains (the facts weren't made public until 1977). Jack Arnold made the anti-nuke *The Space Children*, and Robert Vaughn starred in Corman's trick-ending, post WWII *Teen-age Caveman*.

Movies examining war included Kubrick's *Paths of Glory*, Fuller's *Verboten!*, Brando in *The Young Lions*, and a version of Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead*.

Europe started releasing New Wave movies, and journalists wrote about Beatniks in San Francisco. The Catholic Church kept up with the changing times by forming The Legion of Decency and helped publicize a lot of movies by condemning them.

America had the highest number of operating drive-ins ever (4,083!), and there were enough teen-appeal Psychotronic movies to fill this page. Hammer's *Horror of Dracula* and *The Blob* with Steve McQueen were quite popular, along with Vincent Price in *The Fly* and William Castle's *House on Haunted Hill*.

Ferry Ackerman started his influential *Famous Monsters of Filmland* magazine, and smart kids continued to read *MAD* inside their textbooks.

Highschool Confidential, *Stakeout on Dope Street* (a Corman production), and *The Cool and the Crazy* were the most outrageous dope movies, and *The Vikings* was the best for action and violence.

Elvis was drafted, but he still had eight Top 40 hits and was in *King Creole*. Jerry Lee Lewis was ruined because of the cousin/marriage scandal, and other rockers had their last good hits. The first stereo albums were released and the first Grammys were awarded—two more weapons against real rock'n'roll. "Volare" was named best song of the year!

Instrumentals ("Rumble," "Tequila," "Rebel Rouser") and novelty songs ("Purple People Eater," "The Witch Doctor") were hits, and somebody made a fortune selling Hula Hoops.

Alfred Hitchcock directed three episodes of his TV show, and *Vertigo* was a hit, but Orson Welles' great last American feature, *Touch of Evil* was mostly ignored. "The Naked City" started on TV. Ronald Reagan was the host of G. E. Theatre, and Nancy Davis (Reagan) was in her last film, *Crash Landing*. The last Bowery Boys movie and the last Three Stooges shorts were released.

What's happened to the Top 10 movie stars of 1958? James Stewart supports Reagan, Frank Sinatra denies everything, Jerry Lewis waits for Labor Day, Elizabeth Taylor is photographed everywhere after losing a lot of weight, Doris Day tries to get her money back, and Glenn Ford sits around the house. The rest are gone. Only Cary Grant died from old age; William Holden (alcohol), John Wayne (cancer), and Rock Hudson (AIDS) had more newsworthy demises. From Forbes Magazine's recent list of the 40 highest-paid people in show biz, only one personality was in films in '58: Jack Nicholson, a real-life wild man, who probably took as many drugs as Roky Erickson, starred in his first feature—

Cry Baby Killer, produced by (who else?)—Roger Corman.

—MICHAEL J. WELDON

NORTHUMBRIAN

continued from page 63

4. When gathering a cutting, I always take mine from the bottom of the plant on the north side where there is very little direct sunlight.

5. I strip the part of the plant that will be submerged in the water of all its lower leaves (usually three nodes' worth), and I don't forget to top the plant.

6. I also use just plain old four-foot fluorescents for lighting my cuttings. I give them 16 hours of light a day.

7. I wait two weeks, changing the water every fourth day. I check them every day for rot, though. If they look as if they are rotting in the water, I discard that cutting. It wouldn't have rooted anyway.

This method may be a little extra work, but a success rate of 90 percent is worth it.

I have a few questions and some answers.

1. Why do my Northumbrian plants grow horizontally?

2. You know plant growth seems to slow down when they start to bud. Not Northumbrian! It accelerates its growth in the budding state. Why?

3. Northumbrians showed me their sex seven days after they poked out from the soil. It didn't matter how many hours of light they got, 10 or 20. I'm stumped on this one.

Ed's answer:

The horizontal growth pattern is a factor of the plant's genetics. Just as *sativas* often develop a symmetrical, conical shape, and *indicas* develop a bushy plant, the strain you developed has a configuration determined by genetics.

The plant's growth pattern is also determined genetically.

The early sexual indication and onset of flowering is characteristic of *ruderalis*. *Ruderalis* originated in the harsh climate of northern Europe where each season was chancy. In order to assure seed production for the following season, the plants start to flower soon after germination and continue to flower until they are killed by freezing in the fall. While some flowers of the bud have ripened, been pollinated and produced seed, other flowers on the cola are just forming. The plant continues to flower until it dies. ●

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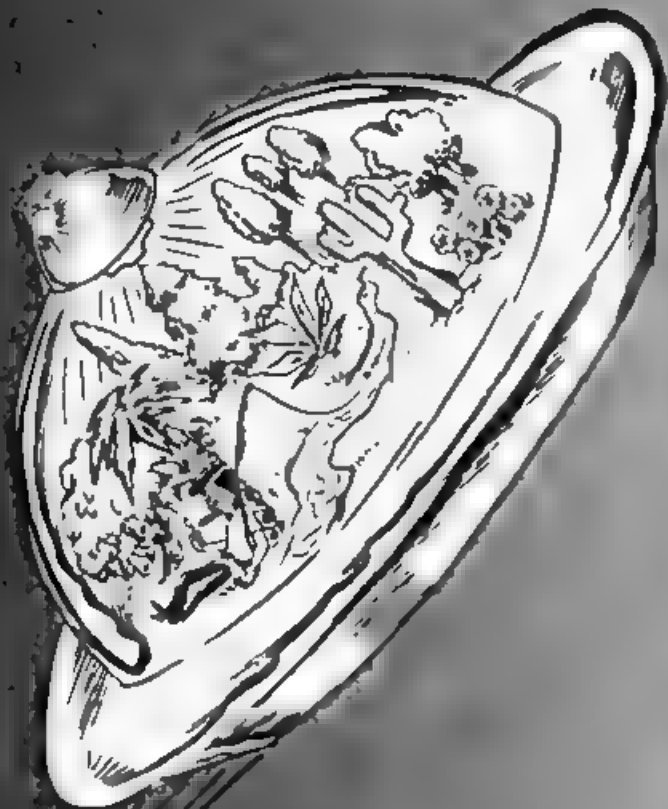
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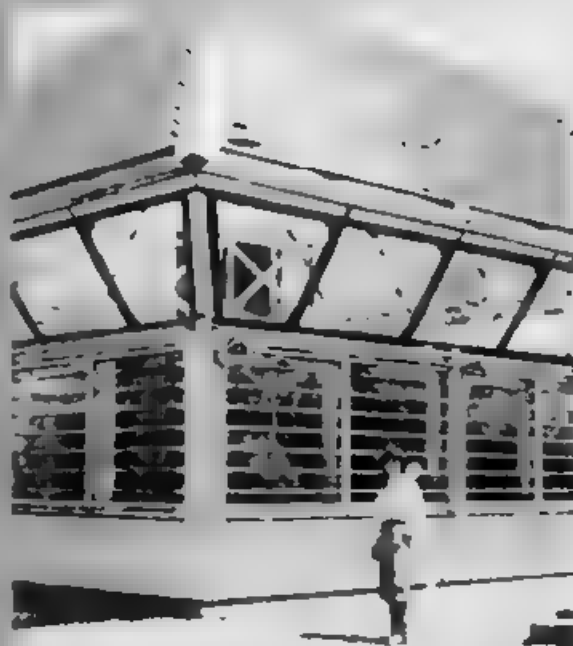
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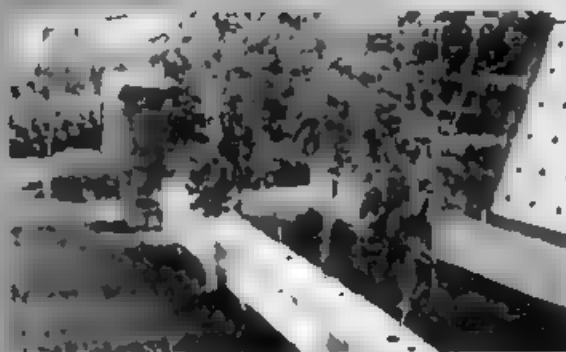


It's no secret that poor Mother Earth is being ravaged of her resources and needlessly polluted by waste products at an alarming rate. The question is—Is there any place left on the planet free of toxins and environmental hazards? Welcome to the biosphere, the indoor-growing environment that produces its own oxygen and carbon dioxide, and recycles waste product into nutrient solution. The Garden of Eden and Noah's Ark rolled into a 50-foot geodesic dome. Not only is the biosphere the

ideal method for preserving our planet's dwindling gene pools, it's the only reasonable nuclear bomb shelter ever devised!! Next month, Bram Frank (alias Dr. Indoors), visits Space Biosphere Ventures, Ltd., where the experts tell him how to build his own Garden of Eden. It may be the most important article of your life. Plus an excerpt from **STORMING HEAVEN. LSD AND THE AMERICAN DREAM** by Jay Stevens ● The last legal dope in India by Sam Saignij ● And an interview with Redd Kross.



BRAM FRANK



BRAM FRANK



The Real Rock'n'Roll HALL of FAME

by James Marshall

I hate just about everything, but not too many things really bug me because I don't think about 'em much anymore. It's when the fuckheads start tryin' to deal with the few things I really do love I get kinda perturbed. **The Rock'n'Roll Hall of Fame** f'rinstance I guess it's okay if you want to give **Bo Diddley** and **Big Joe Turner** awards (although why not just give 'em some money? or the publishing rights to their songs back, eh?), but it's such a self-serving, political bunch of shit. It's basically the big wahzoos of **Atlantic** records and various other industry mega-bucks hotshots wanting to make sure their own names are in the **history books** (in bold letters, please). So **Jerry Wexler**'s pet production project, **Aretha Franklin**—who is one of the great soul singers of our time, but has not a whole lot to do with the development of rock'n'roll—gets elected, whilst **Gene Vincent**—

whose label, **Capitol**, has little to do with the affair (and whose staff A&R production genius **Ken Nelson** was responsible for at least as many classic records as Wexler)—doesn't get considered. And while we're at it, why do they have to humiliate the artists who have been elected by making them hang out, jam and have their pictures taken with the likes of such smug pricks as **Daryl Hall** and **Billy Joel**? Do they ("the committee" that runs the affair) feel that to justify the greatness of **Chuck Berry**'s or **Jerry Lee Lewis**' music they have to let you know that **Sting** digs it?

Anyway... in order to straighten out the whole affair, and to save the thing before they start electing turds like **Bob Dylan** and **Dick Clark**, I'm just gonna save everyone the trouble and elect the next ten entries all by myself and save everybody the bullshit. If you don't like my choices we can just cancel the whole thing and send the money spent on publicizing the event

to old rock'n'rollers who got ripped off by their record labels, managers, publishers, agents, etc.



1. IKE TURNER. Not a chance in hell the devil's son-in-law himself will get in, but he is responsible for just about the first rock'n'roll disc "Rocket 88," discovered Howlin' Wolf, recorded early sides by **BB King**, **Rosco Gordon** and other greats, brought the **Fender** bass to R&B, played guitar like a motherfucker (check out his early instrumental sides like "Prancin'," "Rooster" and "New Breed" for a lesson in wiggle stick tonalization), not to mention the **Ike & Tina Revue**, the slickest, raunchiest, nastiest, funkiest-smelling R&B show this side of **James Brown**. I know he beats up women, but the nigger's a genius.



2. MICKEY "GUITAR" BAKER. Wanna talk guitar heroes? Mickey Baker, best known for his hits as part of the duo **Mickey & Sylvia** ("Love Is Strange," "Dearest") and many guitar instruction booklets, is one of the very first and greatest of the rock'n'-roll stylists. Unsung six-string blazer on hundreds of sessions held in NYC throughout the '50s, his immediately identifiable treble screeches, high volume turnarounds and overall abundance of imagination can be heard on discs by the **Coasters**, **Sam Price**, **Wilbert Harrison**, **Little Willie John**, **Skip & Flip**, and others. God knows what rock'n'roll would have

sounded like without Mickey Baker to teach a thousand young kids how to play sick, distorted guitar solos.

3. LINK WRAY. You want to talk about style? Anybody with an inch worth of self-discipline can teach themselves guitar technique, but style you gotta be born with, and style just dripped off of Link Wray's Shawnee fingers. Throughout a dozen or so classic instrumentals—"Rumble," "Jack the Ripper," "Ace of Spades," "The Swag," "Black Widow," "Genocide," etc.—he taught the world how to make the electric guitar sound evil and menacing with three chords.

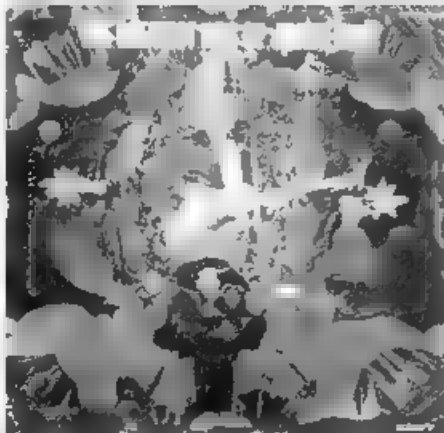


4. WANDA JACKSON. There's a line in the history books that'll tell you broads in early rock'n'roll were mostly just puppets for male-svengali-producer types, and that's a lie. There were dozens of fine, raw, female rock'n'roll singers but none of 'em could outshriek Wanda Jackson, the only white singer who could match Little Richard for sheer power and mania. She even cut Elvis' ass on her cover of his "Let's Have A Party." She whooped, hollered, squealed, and growled her way through a couple of dozen classic numbers that fell on the deaf ears of a world not ready for a hillbilly mama who sounded like she could cut your nuts off. Later she switched to country music and charted with a string of syrupy ballads.



5. HANK BALLARD & THE MIDNIGHTERS. The rawest sounding of the great R&B vocal groups. They were dirty ("Work With Me, Annie," "Sexy Ways," "Open Your Back Door"), greasy and sly. They rocked for a good dozen years (check out their early '60s rave-up, "Broadway," for an exercise in high-energy groove thunder) and when last heard from were still at it. God knows how many licks Chuck Berry copped from Midnighters' guitar men Alonzo Tucker and Calvin Green. And they invented the Twist.

6. MADDOX BROTHERS & ROSE. These dexadriene-fed hillbillies were mixing gutbucket blues with hillbilly boogie while Elvis was still singing in the church choir. They cut "Milkcow Blues" a good five years before the big E came along, and refined all the elements of rockabilly—yelping hiccoughs, burning electric guitars, slap-bass, etc.—on their late '40s/early '50s four-star recordings long before anybody thought to give it a name. Rose Maddox still stands as one of the gutsiest gal singers ever waxed. Ever the visionaries, they cut a rocker called "The Death of Rock'n'Roll."



7. JIMMY REED. Of all the great influential bluesmen, it was Jimmy Reed's sound and style that helped define the rock'n'roll aesthetic the most. It's the birth of the "a moron could play this stuff, but only a moron who's a genius could make it sound this great" school of drunken non-thought that would later fuel a hundred great versions of "Big Boss Man" et al.

8. ESQUERITA. The most flamboyant of all the early rockers, he taught Little Richard to play piano, cut sides so primitive that Richard's Specialty classics sound tame in comparison, and was described by his label as "the farthest out man has ever gone," which still holds true to this day.

9. RICHARD BERRY. He wrote and recorded the original versions of

RICHARD BERRY



"Louie Louie" and "Have Love Will Travel," and if that's not enough, this seminal west coast singer played the bad nigger role on the Coasters' "Riot in Cell Block #9," led legendary groups like the Flairs and the Cadets, and wrote and recorded dozens of classic tunes that've been recorded by everyone from Louis Prima to the Sonics. In a better world he'd have made more money than Mike (err... Michael, sorry) Jackson.



10. JOHNNY OTIS. Born Johnny Olivites, of Greek extraction in a black, Bay Area ghetto, this drummer turned bandleader passed himself off as black for 30 years to become the sainted godfather of R&B. He discovered Esther Phillips, Etta James, Jackie Wilson, Hank Ballard, the Robins (later the Coasters) and dozens of others. He led great big bands, small rockin' R&B combos, worked as an R&B producer, talent scout, publisher, songwriter, disc jockey, club owner, label owner, etc. ad infinitum. Scored classic hits like "Harlem Nocturne," "Double Crossin' Blues," "Willie and the Handjive," "Castin' My Spell" and others. Recorded the filthiest R&B LP ever (*Snatch & the Poontangs* on Kent, look for it), and keeps the tradition alive with his great LA radio show and annual summer tours. ●

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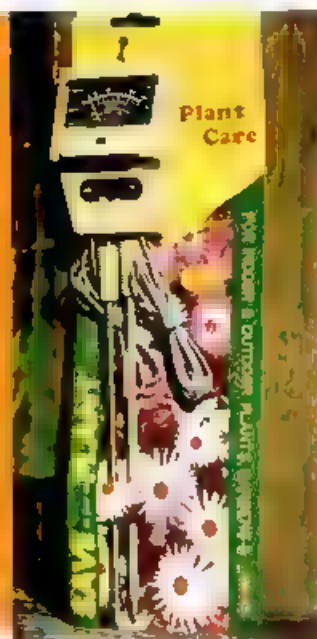


MAXTON, NC—The Indians of the **Tuscarora Tribe** are appealing to the general public for assistance. The tribe at Drowning Creek Reservation is in dire straits, with little money for food, clothing and other necessities. Chief Wise Owl, who heads the tribe and doubles as their medicine man, is making an urgent request for help.

The **Drowning Creek Reservation** residents get no public assistance, either state or federal. To eke out a bare existence, the Indians make authentic-design blankets. Each is 72" x 90" and comes in a choice of blue or brown. Similar blankets sell for \$150.00, but to raise much needed funds, the tribe is selling the blankets for \$39.00 postpaid. Many persons are sending for blankets because they truly appreciate the struggle of American Indians who have always worked hard against tremendous odds. Blankets may be ordered directly from **Tuscarora Indian Tribe, Drowning Creek Reservation, Route 2, Box 108, Maxton, NC 28364**. Each blanket will be blessed in the Indian tradition. However, if there is a special prayer that you would like Chief Wise Owl to recite over the blanket, the request will gladly be met. ●

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ASKED

continued from page 80

Voluntary organizations of law enforcement personnel have been among the most vigorous supporters of harsh marijuana laws. Of course, chasing pot-heads is easier work than confronting a violent criminal. Changing the marijuana laws might cause unemployment among jailors. Even though the prisons are overcrowded now, if the prisoners of weed were freed, there would be no need to build more cells.

The so-called "parents" groups, which are directly and indirectly funded by government agencies, are the third leg of this unholy alliance. These front and propaganda groups were set up by the DEA and other agencies to fight the "children" battle.

With the Reagan regime however, there is another reason for attacks on marijuana. The powers supporting Reagan are very conservative (read: fascist). Their biggest political fright was the uprising of young people in the late '60s. In fact, conservative fundraising literature often refers to that period of time with horror—they claim it could happen again. And they associate this period of time with the first widespread use of marijuana. Radicals always seemed to be smoking dope and protesting.

While these arch-conservatives might fear cocaine (and its effects upon the work force and productivity) and heroin, their real emotional charge is against marijuana. Cocaine is not political, heroin keeps the underclass blissed out but marijuana...it makes average, middle-class kids into raging radicals. Whether or not this is true, the conservatives believe it, and aim to keep it illegal and out of your hands

Attention Growers!!!

Starting next month, indoor growers using hydroponic systems should direct their questions to Dr. Indoors, HIGH TIMES, 211 E. 43rd St., New York, NY 10017. Written by Bram, the Dr. Indoors column will specialize in emerging hydroponic technologies. Look for Dr. Indoors in future issues! ●



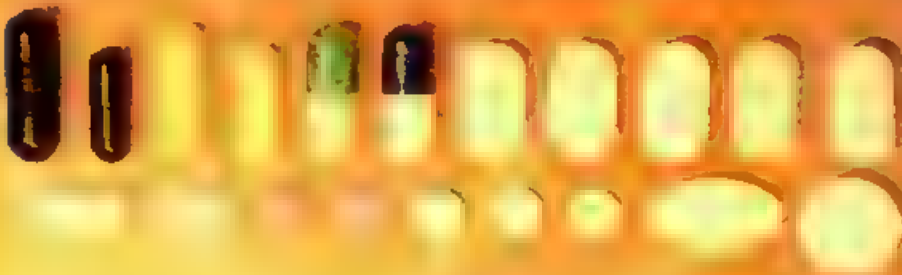
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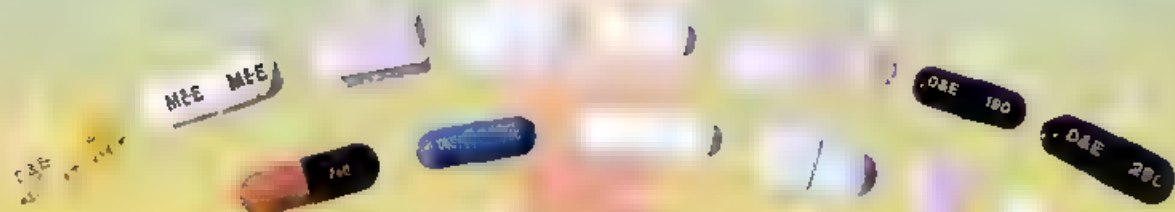
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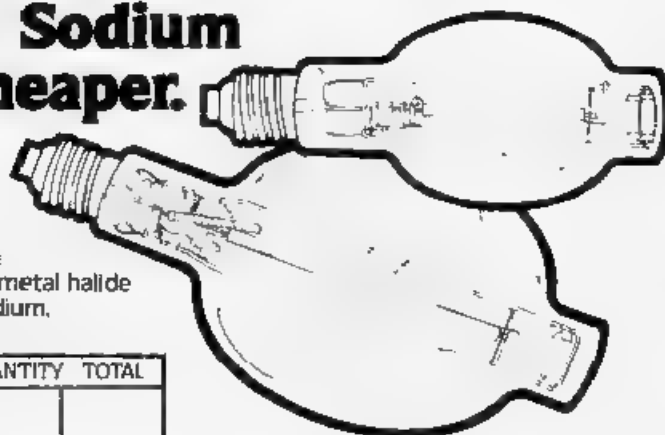
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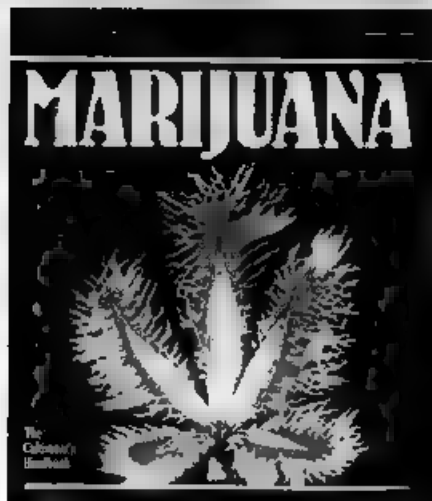
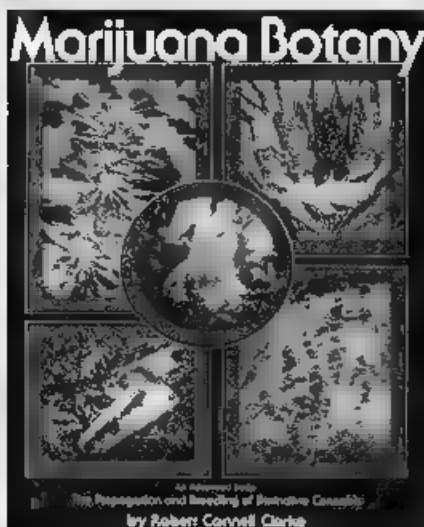
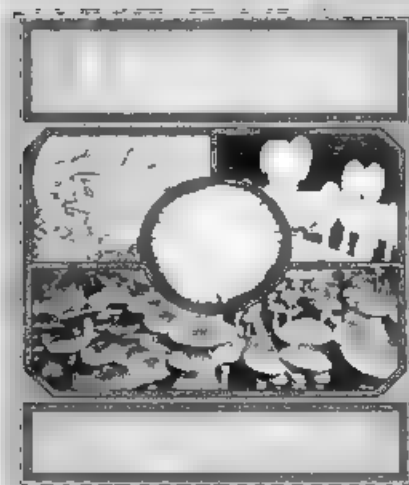


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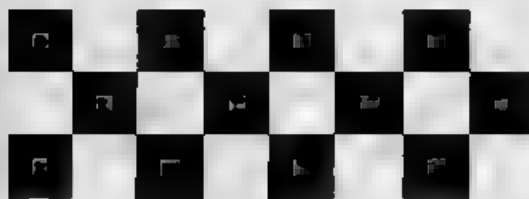
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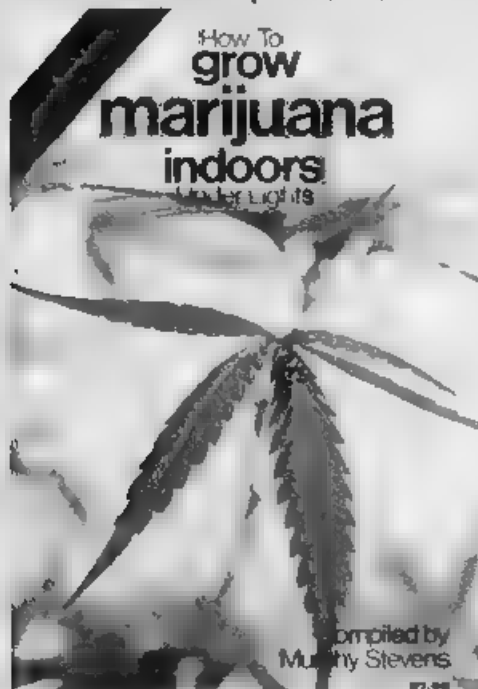
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REVIEW

by Jim Poling

NATIVE SON 1986

(Lightning Video)

NATIVE SON 1950

(Movie Buff Video)

When Richard Wright's bitter and powerful novel **NATIVE SON** was published in 1940, studio heads' ears flapped at the news of its success and the vivid prose (Wright was an avid movie-goer) made it a natural for the screen. Wright created his protagonist, Bigger Thomas, out of an urgency and directness found in movies. In an interview Wright said he saw Bigger's life as "happening now... like a movie. Action follows action... in close-up, slow motion..." Bigger was a black, born from the Chicago slums, who accidentally smothers the daughter of his rich white employers; throws her body in a furnace, attempts to extort ransom money by incriminating someone else and is finally captured and put on trial. Despite the critical and commercial success of the book, studios thought twice and dropped the idea of developing something so controversial; in fact producer Harold Hecht, who *did* show interest, suggested sheepishly that Bigger's character be changed to that of a white man. In earnest but misguided judgment, Wright took on the film adaptation himself in 1950 casting himself (then nearing 50 years old) as the 20-year-old Bigger with the help of interested French director Pierre Chanal, and, for budgetary reasons, location shooting in Argentina. Finding an actress to play victim Mary Dalton was a problem in that no one



Richard Wright as Bigger Thomas, from his 1950 adaptation of his novel *Native Son*, published in 1940. Although 40 minutes was cut from the final print, the film was still banned in both northern and southern cities when it was released.

dared to be photographed in the arms of a black man, but B star Jean Wallace agreed. A good actress but wrong for her role. The character's communist leanings were washed over and Bigger's girlfriend—Bessie Mears—was changed from a pitiful, boozy low-life to a prim and educated proper type. The movie occasionally retains some of the novel's grittiness, but to judge it and Wright's complete intentions are unfair since almost forty minutes were cut by the time the movie was released, and even in its truncated form it was banned in the North as well as the South.

Twenty-five years later someone else took a stab at bringing Bigger to screen life; big name cast though: Oprah Winfrey does her "color purple" again, Elizabeth McGovern simps as Mary Dalton, Carroll Baker and John McMartin are good as Bigger's employers, Geraldine Page recreates every Geraldine Page role, Matt Dillon is good as Mary's commie beau and Victor Love is very good as Bigger. But careful not to offend even now, this version eliminates the very thing that makes Bigger so interesting—his extreme racism. His hatred of white supremacy is understandable, but he despises whites in general. Wright fully intended to create this Bigger to

ward off liberal sympathizers who suffered with him and "understood" his behavior as growing out of an impoverished childhood. That Bigger is probably very psychotic is never even hinted at, and though his initial crime (the smothering of Mary Dalton to quiet her drunken ramblings from the family) is an accident, he plays with her breast (missing—oddly erotic in the novel) and before stuffing her body in the furnace, beheads her. Later Bigger bashes in the skull of his girlfriend with a brick. He also tries to pin the heinous crime on the only character who tries to make an attempt to relate to Bigger man-to-man. Strangely enough the beheading scene is suggested in the 1950's release (Wright is seen carrying a basketball-sized bundle to the furnace), but it, as well as the current version, suggests that Bigger is merely a tragic figure—tragic because he is black. Bigger is tragic; but because he is a man first, who has done something ghastly and for whom there is little hope because he is black. It is a powerful, terrible, emotionally devastating story, but we shouldn't be weeping for Bigger—for his family and the Daltons surely, but Bigger's actions are unspeakable. As is the wrong done Wright. ●

THE TOP 100

- | | | | |
|--|---|---|---|
| 1. BONG HITS (9) | 26 | 51 | 76. WILD, FUCKING RAREH BOYS WHO PURR + TONGUE IN MY EAR |
| 2. GRATEFUL DEAD (4) | 27 (CLEVELAND BAND) | 52. (AS OPPOSED TO C.A.M.P.) | 77. PATCHES (MY PET CAT) |
| 3. LED ZEPPELIN (29) | 28 | 53 | 78. DISTORTION |
| 4. PINK FLOYD (8) | 29 | 54. CHERRY GARCIA ICE CREAM | 79. MURDER (IT'S BACK IN CONNECTICUT) |
| 5. (10) | 30. CONY OLLIE NORTH | 55. MINISTERS | 80. SMOKING |
| 6. NORMIE (24) | 31 | 56. | 81 |
| 7 | 32 THE MILLIONS OF KILOTONS OF WEED THAT THE COPS DON'T EVEN KNOW ABOUT | 57. JAPAZOO (A BIG ASS JOINT) | 82 |
| 8 | 33 | 58. SINSEVILLA | 83. DROP ACID NOT BOMBS |
| 9. IRON MAIDEN (23) | 34 | 59. MSG (THAT'S RIGHT - AS IN CHINESE FOOD) | 84. CHURCH LADY |
| 10. | 35. AT NIGHT TIME (36) | 60. | 85. |
| 11. DUMP JAMES MARSHALL (WHO IS THIS BIGOTED ASSHOLE?) | 36 | 61. SACK ACTION! | 86. SHAW! |
| 12. (47) | 37. | 62. (TRAVELLING AT LIGHT SPEED) | 87. (KING + 1) |
| 13. | 38. SAY NO TO DRUGS (MORE FOR ME!!) | 63. | 88. |
| 14. KNAC 105.5 | 39. SKUNK #1 | 64. MY TEEBOT T. (H1 REEFER TESTER) | 89. GLOWING AT N |
| 15. | 40. | 65. S.S.S. | 90. AMERICAN LSD PSYCHIATRIST (WELL KNOWN HERE IN DENMARK) |
| 16. FREEDOM (26) | 41 | 66. CHAINSAWS DRIPPING RI | 91. MR BUBBLE |
| 17. CHEECH + CHONG | 42. GOING BRASSER | 67 | 92. 1 THE HOLY BIBLE
2 SAY NO TO HIGH TIMES
3. GOD BLESS AMERICA (AN ANONYMOUS VOTE FROM WASH, D.C. - WHO COULDN'T BE?) |
| 18. | 43. SMOKING A JOINT WHILE WALKING PAST THE GAYLORD MICH GAN POLICE DEPT | 68 | 93 |
| 19. PEACE (50) | 44 | 69 | 94. THE ZIG AG MAN IS GOD! |
| 20. (SMOKE POT INSTEAD) | 45. 1777 T.P. | 70. KEEPING MY SMILE EVEN THOUGH I COULDN'T GET DEAD TICKETS | 95. HIGH ART |
| 21. Bobcat Goldthwait | 46. | 71 | 96. MENTAL TELEPATHIC COMM. |
| 22. JESUS CHRIST | 47 | 72 | 97. (DICK WITH EARS) |
| 23. TEQUILA | 48. | 73. (AKA BUBBA OR BILL YUSK FROM TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE) | 98 |
| 24. | 49. | 74. W.A.C.P. (55) AN | 99. 1 SAYIN' "HI" TO MY BRO BRIAN DOWN TIME IN MID STATE
2 SNEAKIN' HIM DRUGS
3 TAKIN' THE EXTRA BONG HIT FOR HIM |
| 25. (GOD MADE IT. I SMOKE IT) THAT SETTLES IT (49) | 50. TWILIGHT ZONE (ROD IS GOD!) | 75. (DON'T BE DUMPING ON MY BRAIN MAN WHO AMONG THE DEMOCRATS \$ FOR THE FREE USE OF GANJA) | 100 |

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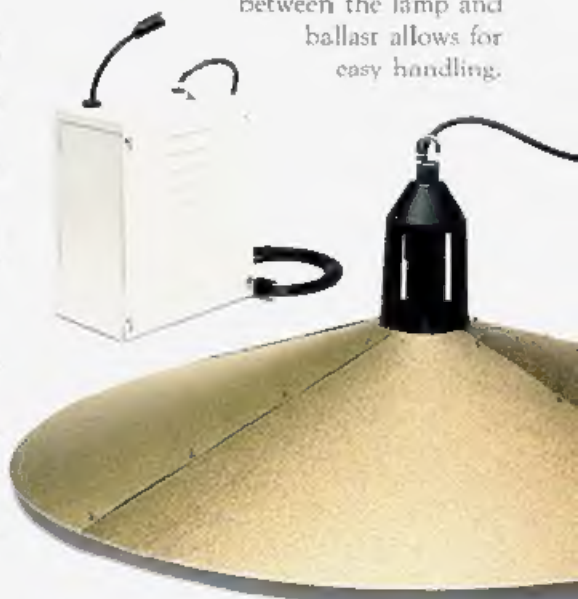
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